

SPECULARIA



1946

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Specularia

1946

HATHAWAY BROWN SCHOOL

CLEVELAND, OHIO



To Miss Reeve

To you, who have inspired us with hope and moral determination and warmed us with your scintillating sense of humor and deep-rooted sympathy, we dedicate this book in deepest gratitude.





BETSY AUGUSTUS

A fascinating mixture of sophistication and innocence, of seriousness and hilarity, of competence and languid grace, our most accommodating fire-fighter has won her way into our hearts with her charming manner. Her flashing smile and appealing sense of humor will always be remembered by those who have known the relaxing gaiety of her company. For Betsy's business ability we refer you to the last pages of *Specularia*.

MARTHA BELL

Musical, mystical Marty! She has been and probably always will be successful in her chosen field of music. She is our capable Glee Club secretary, our soprano soloist, and our expert pianist, who accompanies our traditional Friday hymn. Fanciful and imaginative, she has a gentle, unobtrusive charm, which is deeply appreciated by her closest friends.





POLLY BRUCH

Polly's geniality and helpfulness are second to none. Always willing and eager to carry her share of the load, or more, she can be depended upon to achieve whatever she sets out to do. She has been an invaluable help in our school activities, from being secretary of the Order of Willing Service to writing class songs. Her gayety, sincerity, and poise are sure to make her a success wherever she goes.

YVONNE CAMERON

A brilliant flash, a hearty laugh, and she's gone! Who? Vonnie, our energetic redhead. Her brilliant, flaming hair is matched only by her wit, which appears in the form of clever remarks at unexpected moments. Her mental alertness, together with her physical nimbleness, will be a great asset to this proficient ice-skater as she goes speeding through life.



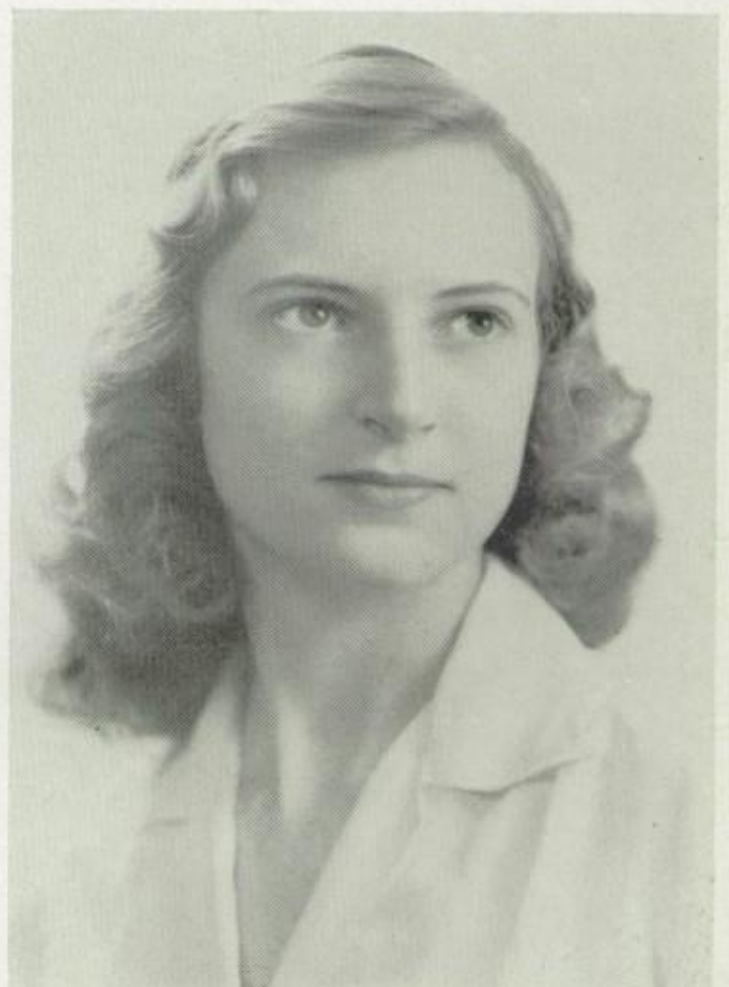


MARILYN CHADWICK

Gracious and congenial, Lynn is widely admired for her placid, even disposition. Her pensive demeanor is both relaxing and a bit puzzling, but when emergencies threaten, her thoughtfulness and adaptability rise to the occasion. As one of the Hudson contingent, she spends a great deal of time commuting in her cream convertible, Jackie.

LOIS CHASE

Those long-distance basketball shots, those innumerable home runs, and those almost incredible sprints down the hockey field can all be credited to our capable Athletic Association president. When Lois gives her support to an activity, her enthusiasm and straight shooting make her a valuable helper in attaining any goal.





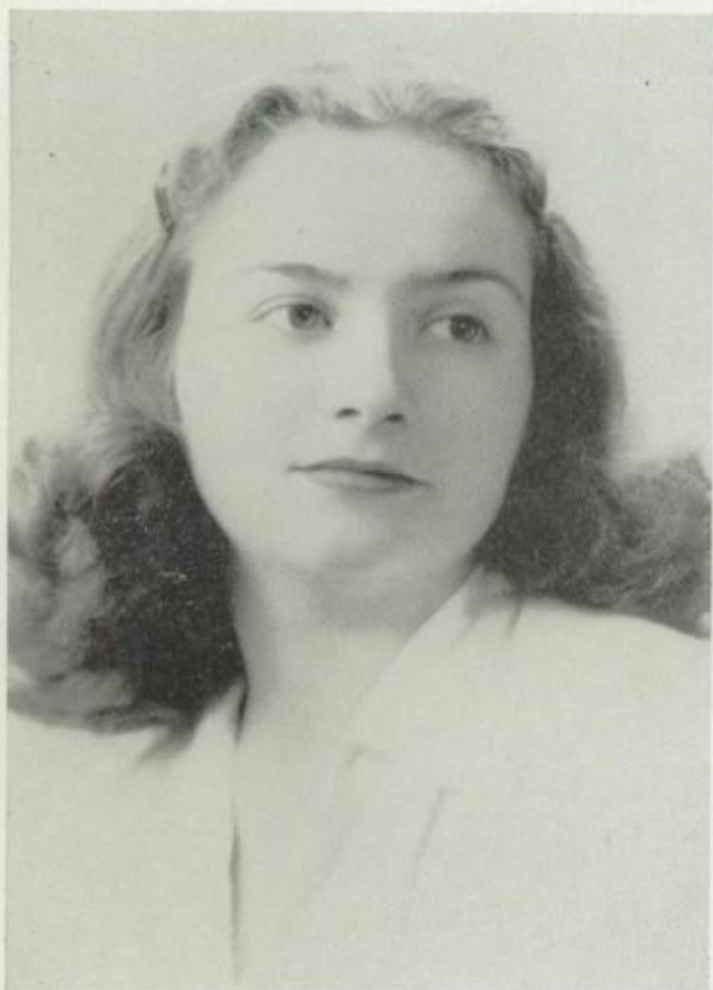
CHARLENE CHRISTOPHER

Charie excels in all sports, adding both zest and skill to every team. This widely acclaimed winner in the basketball shooting contest is also a member of the Athletic Council. She takes her work seriously and performs her duties with conscientious thoroughness. Team spirit and subtle humor will never be lacking where Charie happens to be.

MARILYN COLE

Marilyn's sunny smile and laughing eyes are manifestations of her sparkling, magnetic personality. Our lovely blonde president of the school is distinguished for her friendliness and graciousness to everyone she meets. Her graceful charm and unaffected sincerity have won her an admiring circle of friends both in school and out.





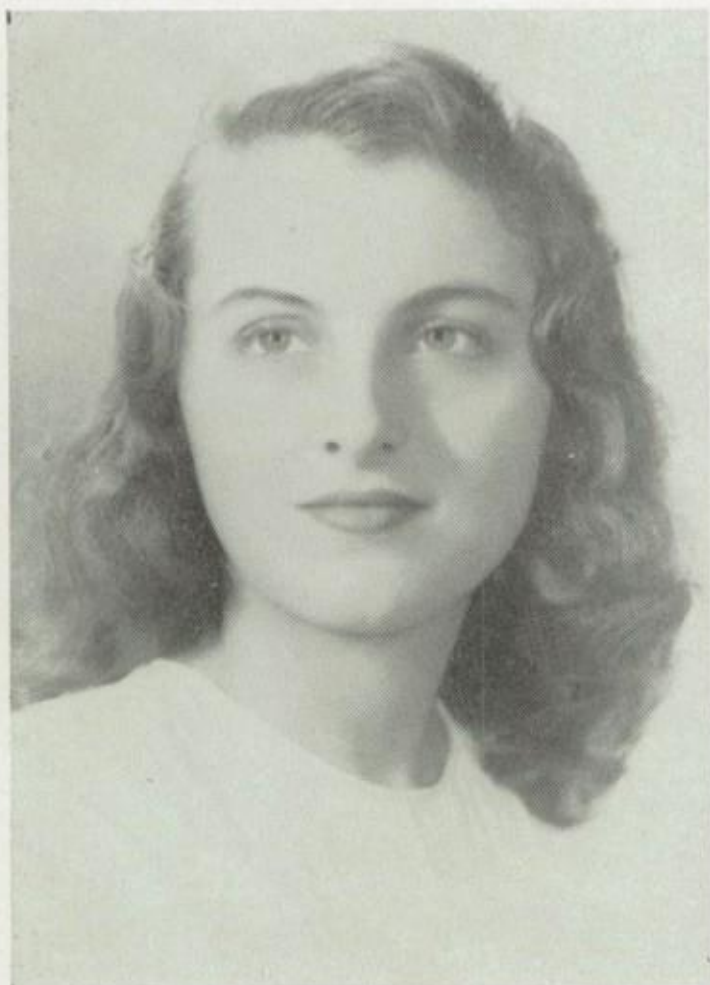
JENNY CORY

Whoa there, Jenny! Jenny is our little, energetic horsewoman, who is seen momentarily as she gallops down the halls. If Jenny can be halted for any length of time, her spontaneous gaiety will set off a spark of fun. Her humor will cheer the gloomiest of characters, and her sincerity will gain her a place in many hearts.

BETTY ANN DANGLER

A valuable member of our athletic teams, Betty Ann is always ready with a play to save the day. Cheered on by her enthusiasm and class spirit, we have won many victories. Her diligence has helped her to succeed in everything she attempts; and her vivacity and cheerfulness, which are not confined to the athletic fields, brighten the days of her many friends.





MIRIAM DYER

Miriam has proved in her two years at Hathaway Brown that in spite of a gay and carefree nature she can be a hard worker and earnest executive. As treasurer of the class she has performed the miracle of keeping us from bankruptcy. Her enchanting looks have given her the honor of being May Queen attendant twice. Through the many facets of her personality Mir has gained the undying friendship of her many companions.

BARBARA FEDER

Characteristic of her carefree, amiable nature are Babs's bubbling laughter and friendly smile. Her unconquerable good humor and her enthusiasm have made her well known, not only in the social world, but also in the world of sports. Her alto voice has enriched both the Glee Club and the Senior Ensemble.





ELEANOR FILAK

Eleanor's conscientious interest in school activities has been much appreciated by her classmates, for she is always willing to help and to cooperate wholeheartedly in every project. Her sweet nature, which has won her the sympathy and friendship of everyone, never deserts her. It has been a real privilege to know Eleanor.

JANE FISCHER

Janie is a valuable member of our athletic teams and has added a great deal to the musical side of school as president of the Glee Club. She participates in every activity, and her cleverly imaginative ideas have contributed to arranging many delightful entertainments. Her enthusiasm for gaiety is reflected in the mischievous sparkle of her blue eyes, and her friends will never cease to be regaled by her effervescent sense of humor.





BLAIR FORSYTHE

Boom! It is merely another explosion of our unpredictable atomic bomb, Blair. As president of our class she enthusiastically and untiringly performs her duties with this same terrific energy. Her progressive ideas and astounding use of colorful hyperbole result in a perpetual flow of conversation which never ceases to awe her circle of admiring listeners. If you can slow her down for a minute, you will find she has deep understanding and sympathy for your troubles.

BARBARA HAGAR

In a home where warm affection and gentle kindness are the keynotes, will be found genial, domestic Babs, our efficient president of Raymond Hall. Through her tactfulness and tolerance she has gained the confidence and respect of her classmates, and through her winning smile and quiet charm she has made many lasting friendships.





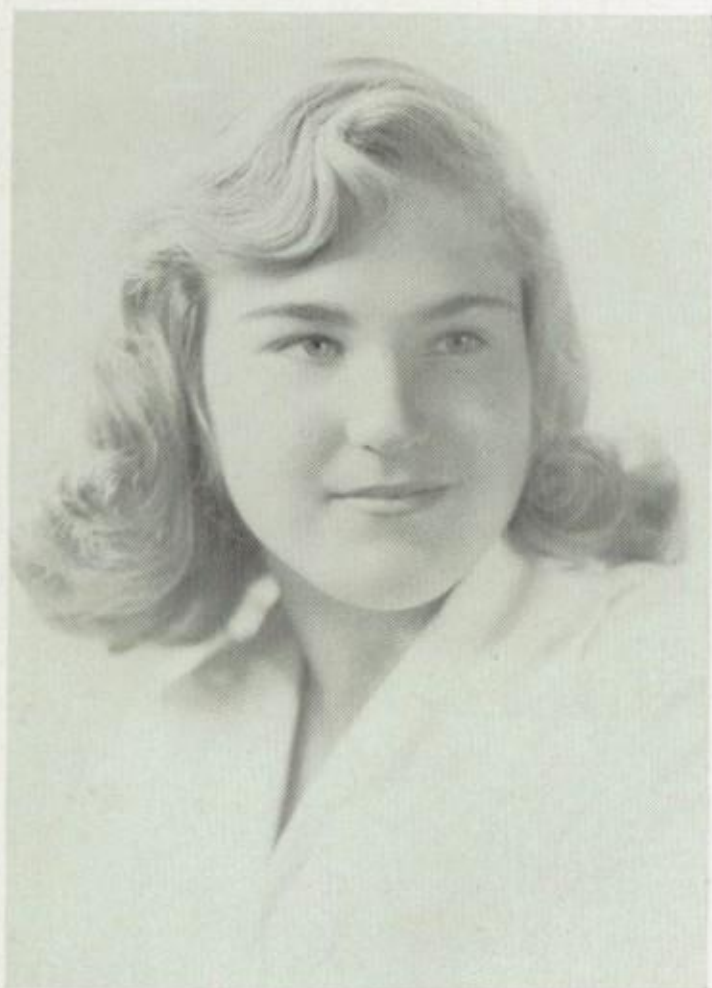
ELIZABETH HIRSTIUS

Lizzy's enchanting smile and sparkling eyes are outward manifestations of her sincere interest and friendliness toward everyone about her. Through her sense of justice and responsibility she has well earned her position as vice-president of the Student Council. She has the gift of light heartedness or seriousness, whichever the moment demands.

LOIS KENNEDY

Tall, slender, dignified, Lois has the gift of charm. Her lovely eyes reflect both sparkling humor and sensitiveness to the beauty in life. She has been a valuable asset in athletic activities, especially as guard on the varsity basketball team.





JEANNETTE KIEFER

Jeannette is a walking advertisement of the sunny South, for her much-envied sun tan has never faded. She is genuinely interested in everything that happens, both in the Hathaway Brown halls and across the seven seas. Her adaptability and keen intelligence have been much admired, and one has a secure feeling of confidence in her sense of responsibility.

MARGIE KNIGHT

Margie's shy but gracious manner has endeared her to us all. Her deep interest in people gives her a clear discernment of character. She never lets anything slip by but is extremely appreciative of all that she sees and hears. Although she is open-minded, she adheres strongly to what she believes is right.





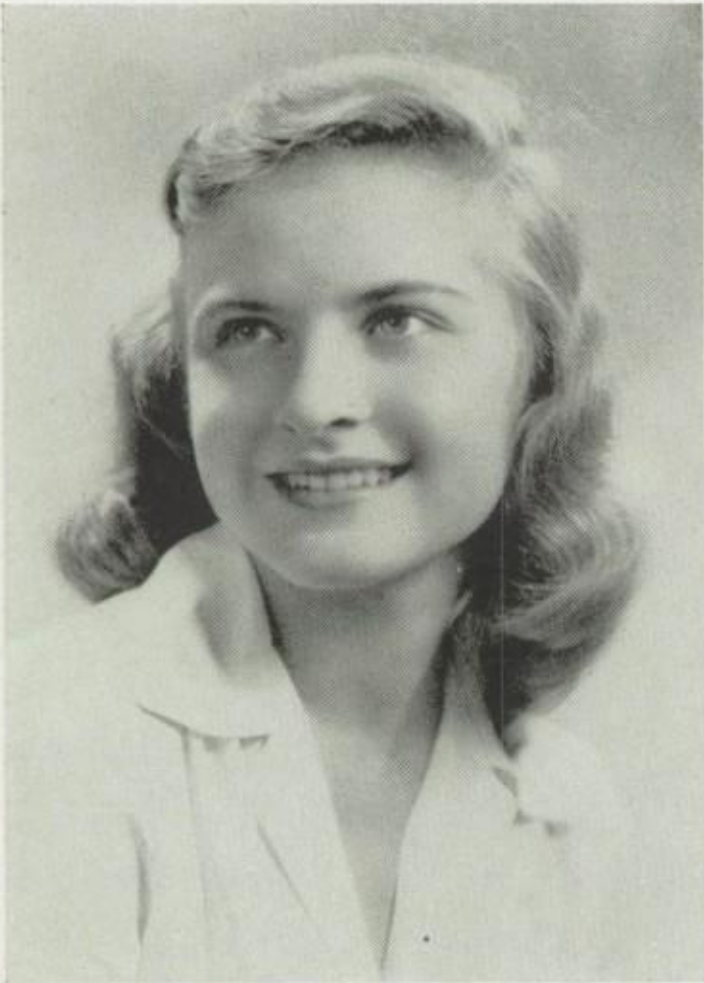
SARA McCRUM

A member of both the dormitory and the Glee Club, Crummy adds humor and sparkle to any gathering with her witty and subtle remarks. No one can help being fascinated by this lovable West Virginian, who puts in a good word for the South on every occasion. Her pleasing "you all" has enchanted us, and her sincerity and sympathetic understanding have gained her a place in the hearts of many.

CATHLEEN McPHERON

Tink, the microscopic, pertly pigtailed member of our class, has thrilled us with her lovely voice and charmed us with her appealing personality. Endowed with a highly entertaining sense of humor, she has kept us laughing continually. Tink has her serious side, too; she is most considerate and understanding in all that she does. We will never forget Tink's inimitable performance as Louison in the Senior play.





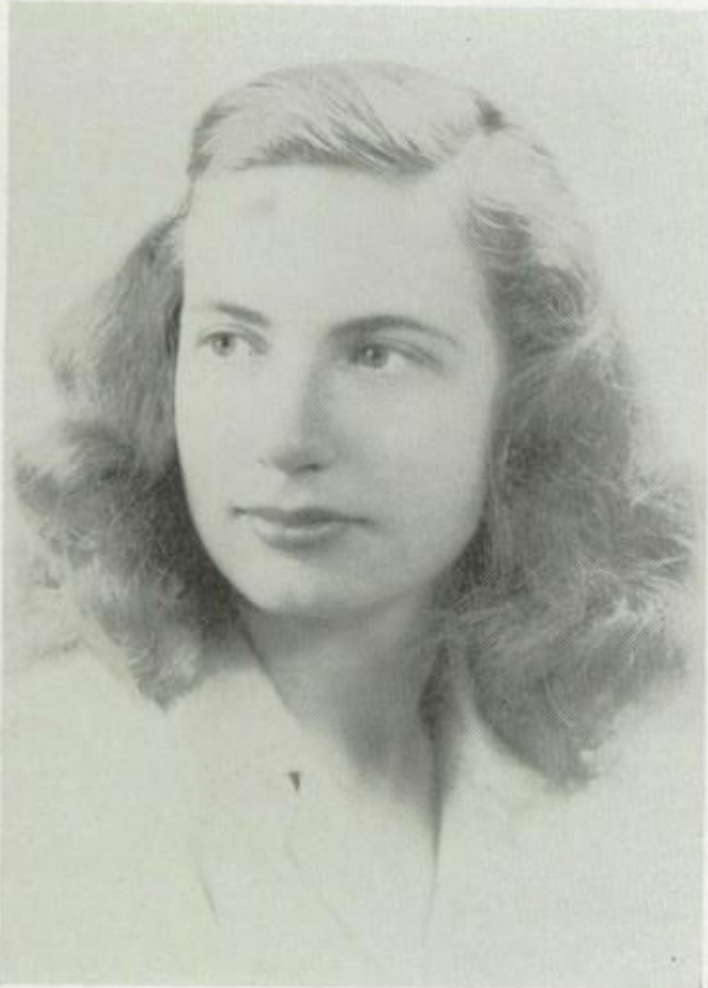
BARBARA MALM

Barbara is a girl who can best be described in superlatives. She is a most fluent conversationalist, a most enthusiastic organizer of parties, and a most natural, unaffected charmer. Furthermore, she has been a most responsible and conscientious worker as president of the Order of Willing Service, editor-in-chief of *Specularia*, and secretary of the Student Council. Her fine mind and keen understanding of human nature will never cease to be a source of inspiration to those with whom she comes in contact.

CLAUDIA MARKS

Quiet and unassuming, Claudia faces life with a calm and patient outlook. One can rely on her with confidence, for she is both dependable and thorough in her methods. Her domestic talents seem to point to a well-ordered, smoothly run home in the future, and we are sure that she will be an attractive and gracious hostess.





LOIS MINARIK

Lois is a genuine person. Her frankness and generosity are outstanding characteristics. Keenly interested in sports, she is a proficient badminton player and an excellent horseback rider. Her loyalty to her friends and her warmhearted manner of doing kindnesses for others have won her many friends, who wish her the best of luck in life.

POLLY PARKER

Tall, blond, stately, Polly has glided smoothly through school life, adding spice with her subtle and entertaining sense of humor. Through her casual and nonchalant air she is able to make her friends completely at ease with her, sending them into gales of laughter at her startling remarks. Her independence and lack of desire for personal acclaim cause Polly to be a never-ending source of enjoyable surprise.





ANN RITTINGER

Annie radiates exuberance and enthusiasm like an animated pinwheel, and her scintillating conversation is always humorous and entertaining. She is sensitive to others and can always be relied upon to give sympathetic attention and advice. Even when perplexed and confused, she has never been discouraged, and her vivacious charm and dauntless persistence will never let her, or her friends, down.

CATHERINE ROBINSON

Expressive eyes which one moment radiate an angelic glow and the next a devilish glint are characteristic of Cats's changing moods. Her genuine interest in every one gives proof of her affectionate and unselfish nature. Her contagious laughter and subtle sense of humor suggest only one side of the picture, for she takes responsibility seriously and willingly and is endowed with the blessed gifts of tact and understanding.





RAENELLE RUBIN

Raenelle's natural grace and sparkling charm have brought distinction to our H. B. stage, and her lovely voice has enriched both the Glee Club and the Ensemble. She seems to radiate kindness, and there is something truly convincing in her perseverance and broadmindedness. Her objectivity and her consideration of all phases of a question have made us respect her philosophical ideas.

MARY FRANCES SIMMONS

Many a dull moment has been saved by Mary's gaiety and lively charm, and we have all been delighted by the quick smile of her sparkling eyes and her provocative giggle. Always eager to lighten the load, Mary is an invaluable help at our dances, carnivals, and other school affairs. With indomitable persistence Mary pursues her interests and accomplishes all that she undertakes.





CHARLOTTE SKALL

Who can forget Charlotte's ebony hair and flashing eyes? Her friendly manner and active interest in everything are not the least of her many assets. She has shown ability both in the athletic field as an expert archer and in the musical field as an active member of the Glee Club.

JOAN SMITH

As vice-president of our class Joan has shown her willingness and determination in accomplishing her responsibilities. One can see even by her beautifully clear writing evidences of her patience and meticulousness. Her calm disposition and her genuine frankness have gained the admiration of her many friends, and her steadiness in critical situations is an example to all of us.





LUCIA SMITH

Lucia's versatility will never cease to amaze us. She contributes generously to the Student Council, the Specualria Board, the Glee Club, and the Art Department, and she invariably appears on the honor roll. Everything she undertakes is accomplished with meticulous care. Unfailingly sympathetic and interested in current happenings, Lucia is a valuable member of any social gathering. We shall always be grateful for the variety and humor she adds to life.

LESLIE STOTTER

If there is a humorous element to be found in any serious matter, one can always count on Leslie to find it. She is known for her candid, jolly manner, and she has won the friendship of many through her amiable personality and her genuine and sympathetic interest in everything and every one.





MARY JO SWANSTON

From the pen point of our expert art editor have flowed many attractive and clever designs that have brightened both the *H. B. S. Review* and *Specularia*. Mary Jo's creative ability is apparent not only in the Art Department, but also in the Household Arts Department. When we find ourselves in a decorations dilemma, Mary Jo unfailingly comes to the rescue, armed with a paint brush and a wealth of original ideas.



LAURA SWEGLER

Like a late August calm, Laura presents to the world a smooth, unruffled exterior. Although shy and unassuming in most respects, she has lent both humorous and artistic touches to school life. There is a mysterious quality inherent in her nature which has baffled even her closest companions. What lies behind those big dark eyes, Laura?



JOAN THOMPSON

Joanie—unpredictable, enigmatic, sensitive, idealistic, candid—will always be a beloved and capable leader. In every phase of school life she has given generously of her imaginative and creative abilities. She is our inspiring Student Council president, a valuable member of the *Specularia* Board and of nearly every class team, and an honor roll student. Her elfin charm, sympathetic understanding, and sense of humor will always endear Joanie to everyone who knows her.

MARILYN TITUS

Whose was that unexpected, ingenious remark followed by warm, friendly laughter? It was Marilyn's. She is blessed with an understanding and unselfish nature that makes her a true and dependable friend. Always calm and reserved, Marilyn never shirks her responsibilities. She has proved her ability by her place on the *Specularia* Board and by her high standing on the honor roll.





FLORENCE TROXEL

Through her intimate informality, Flornie has won the full confidence and understanding of her friends, who delight in her high spirits and enthusiasm. In the Glee Club, the Ensemble, the Order of Willing Service, and the Athletic Council, Flornie's spirit and exuberant zest for life have led us laughingly on.



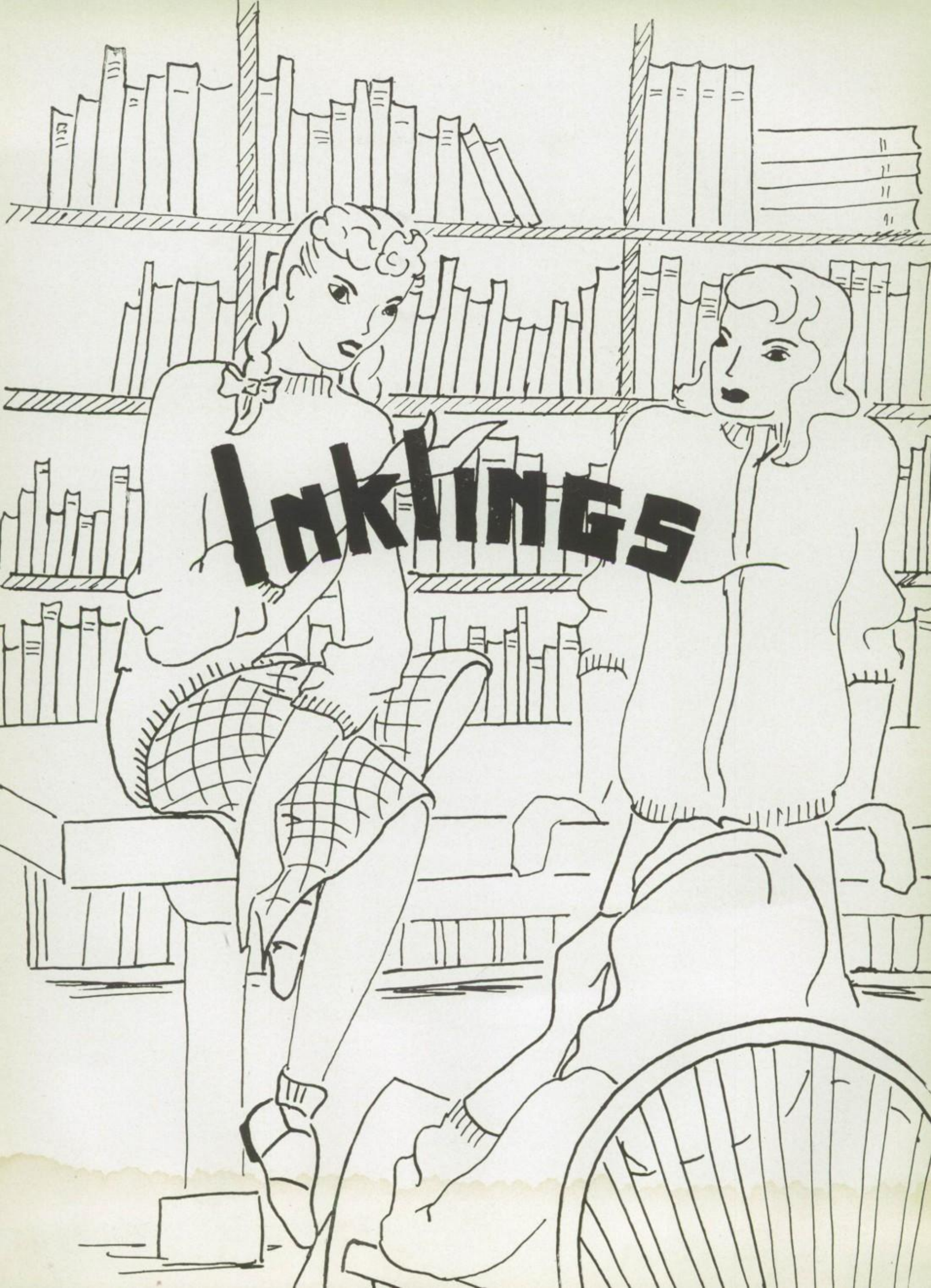
IRIS WALKER

Iris's even temperament and pleasant manner are evident in her calm demeanor and shy smile. Gentle and trustworthy, she asks not for recognition or applause, but unobtrusively furnishes an atmosphere of peace and well-being. Her love of domesticity and fondness for children will make her a happy homemaker.



JOAN ZELL

Hail to Joan's blithe spirit! Who does not remember her commanding performances in the Carnival and Senior plays? As characteristic of Joan as her dramatic ability is her inherent vivacity, which is evident as she dashes about from place to place with her script in hand. Best of luck in her career to our queen of comedy!



Light

POETRY PRIZE

I heard
Through the darkness
A low whisper from Him:
"I am here beside you." And then
Dawn came.

Joan Weber, Class of '47

To Clifford Laube

"I tell you this: beware of distant towers"

You had to go;
That beating, compelling force
Would not cease
Until it reached your arms and legs,
And you were left breathless
Gazing up at towers.

But when you climbed to lofty heights,
Your glance fell backward over hills.
Wild mountain laurel is hard to untangle
from the heart.

That is your warning to me.
Yet I too must go.
Noise and tumult and life,
Subways and buses and life,
Life and towers,
Towers and life—
Let me breathe the air of chaos;
Let me live.

Joan Weber, Class of '47

Mama's Boy

RAYMOND SHORT STORY PRIZE

"**B**OY, that guy never knew what hit him," ejaculated Pete, the boss of the Penn Alley gang. "We cleaned up swell from his cash box with no trouble at all. Just needed a smack on his bony old skull with that piece of pipe I swung—the rest was easy. No one saw us, and it may be hours before anyone goes into that out-of-the-way joint. But remember, fellas, it's my brains that thinks up the plans; so you can thank me for the extra cash you got tonight."

"Yeah," said Joe, rather sullenly, "you know how to get it all right, and so far no one's on to us. But sometimes your methods—" The picture of the druggist, with a bloody gash on the back of his gray head, crumpled in a heap behind the counter, haunted Joe's troubled mind. "Breaking into a closed store is one thing, but you might have bumped this fella off!"

"What's eatin' you, Joe? You got your dough, didn't ya? So just cut the complainin'. You keep your trap shut and do as I say like Mike, Al, and the others here. Let me do the managin'."

The rest of the gang nodded approvingly at this suggestion. The six boys were clustered about the much-scratched table in Joe's kitchen, where they had just finished dividing the money from the night's work. It was nearly ten o'clock, and suddenly Joe, realizing the time, jumped up and said uneasily, "You fellas have got to clear out of here now. Ma usually comes home about this time, and she wouldn't understand you guys being here."

"Sure, Mamma's Boy, we're goin'," said Pete scornfully, pulling his dirty cap further down on his head. "See you next Saturday at the same time. We're goin' to try the garage on Route Eighty-six—should be a walk-away."

The boys greedily snatched up their shares of the stolen money, stuffed them into their pockets, and sauntered from the room. After their noisy footsteps had died away down the alley, Joe still made no move to pick up his bills. They were crumpled and dirty and looked oddly out of place on the immaculate surface of the table. Although this was only an ordinary table, it was the center of the Gano's housekeeping. It was within easy reach of the stove, so that Joe and his mother ate from its surface. It had been the scene of Joe's struggles over homework from first grade up until several months ago when, having reached sixteen, Joe quit school to go to work. The darning basket usually reposed there on Sunday. During the week Mrs. Gano had little time for her own housework, as she worked long hours as a cook in a fashionable residence. The table

was one of the few relics she had been able to save when her husband had died five years before, and it was as if its very presence in her shabby kitchen could bring comfort in reminding her of former happy times.

Joe's dark, serious eyes filled with disgust as they scanned the cramped room, noticing the ugly, chipped plaster, the jagged crack in the ceiling which leaked maddeningly, and the old battered cupboards and sagging shelves that seemed unworthy to hold the few nice pieces of china that his mother had managed to keep in her possession. Joe dropped wearily into a chair and rested his grimy elbows on the table. How could he bear to have his mother living in a hole like this? There must be something more he could do to help her save enough to move to a better section of town. He had worked several months at the gas station, but that was before he had met Pete. Pete was the boss of the neighborhood, and it was considered a privilege to have him as a friend. Joe quickly fell under his spell and was flattered to be included in Pete's gang. He found they were smart fellows who scoffed at working and were able to get ready money by easier and more alluring methods. Joe, tempted by easy wealth, formed the habit of working less and making up the difference from escapades with Pete's gang. This way of life had seemed a good idea at first, but now he realized he could not repeat another such dangerous and brutal affair as tonight's. Stealing at first had seemed daring and clever, but now the sight of the bills before him only strengthened his conviction that no amount of money was worth a possible murder. It appalled him that the rest of the boys did not feel the same shock that he felt. How could they all be so eager to try it again? Would one ruthless deed simply make them all the more ruthless?

Suddenly the door pushed open, and Mrs. Gano appeared. She was a small, gray-haired woman whose dowdy hat and faded coat seemed ill-suited to the erect figure beneath them. Her dulled eyes took on an inward glow when she perceived her dark, well-built son. In a voice that quavered with weariness she said, "I hope you found enough in the house for supper, Joey. You look quite done in. They must have worked you pretty hard today."

Joe swallowed hard, stared at the floor, yet managed to answer in a level voice.

"That's o. k., Ma. Working in a gas station's not so bad, you know. At least I got my pay today, and that should help out some."

He indicated the money on the table with a careless gesture, almost afraid to look at it himself. Mrs. Gano's thin face flushed with sudden pride.

"Joey, you are such a good boy," she exclaimed. "You are learning young what an effort it takes to make an honest living, but with both of us working it won't be so very long before we will have saved enough for a better home."

So saying, she folded the bills carefully, and laid them in the hiding place where she kept her hard-earned savings.

The following Saturday Joe came home rather late from a busy day at the gas station. He carried his head high as he strode into the dingy kitchen and switched on the lights. He slapped his week's earnings down on the friendly old table with a satisfaction he had not experienced a week before.

"It's just nine-thirty, but golly, I'm tired," he thought, as he took off his patched coat and flung it into the chair. "But at least tonight I'll be able to look Ma straight in the eye. She mustn't ever know...."

The door burst open and five dishevelled, tough-looking boys tramped into the room. Pete planted himself squarely in front of Joe, stretched to his full height, and sneered, "You ain't turnin' yella, are ya, Joe? What's the reason for not showin' up tonight? That's bein' disloyal to the gang. My orders are to be followed, understand? Where were you?"

For a moment Joe faltered before the glowering countenance.

"I had a job of my own to attend to," he answered. "I'm not yel-low; I just can't get away any more."

He suddenly saw the bewildered countenance of his mother, who had entered unnoticed through the open door. The boys in the gang turned in surprise, and at a signal from Pete shoved past Mrs. Gano and banged the door behind them.

"Joey! Who are those boys?" she asked searchingly. "Never have I witnessed such rudeness! They're just a bunch of toughs. Surely they're not friends of yours!"

"No, Ma, they're no friends of mine," said Joe, edging away from her glance. "I'm going to bed early tonight, Ma. There's your money on the table."

"But Joe, you haven't told me about those boys. What were they doing here?" There was an odd tone of suspicion in her voice that only made Joe recoil farther.

"Nothing, Ma. They just stopped in for a while," he answered fretfully. "I'm awful tired. Good night, Ma." The earlier look of contentment had faded from his face as he walked slowly toward his tiny bedroom.

Mrs. Gano sighed heavily, picked up the money with her hardened fingers, and counted it. A deep, worried expression clouded her face as she thrust Joe's earnings into the hiding place.

It was over a month before Joe encountered the gang again. This time it was later at night than before, and both Joe and his mother were in bed when he heard someone at the door. Joe leapt out of bed, ran to the kitchen, and opened the door to a bunch of boys that seemed to thunder in upon him. Pete stamped to the front, crunched his cigarette on the table-top, and blew smoke in Joe's angry face.

"You'd just better come clean," he threatened. "You ain't been in with us for more'n a month, and it's gettin' to look mighty queer. Mike got picked up tonight—couldn't be you tipped off the cops, could it?"

"Get out of my house," demanded Joe, "or I will call the cops. I had nothing to do with Mike's getting pinched, and I've done nothing wrong to you guys. So leave me alone!" He stood up straighter as he said this, and met Pete's stare with defiance.

"You'd better take this warning," advised Pete, "or pay the consequences. Nobody can desert my gang and get away with it!"

The hard, unrelenting look in every face of the boys behind him seemed to back up this statement. Joe scarcely comprehended how they could all so mercilessly turn against him when he had once been their buddy.

"Come on, gang," ordered Pete. "We'll give him a chance to think it over."

The door crashed shut behind them, leaving Joe leaning stunned against the kitchen table, his fists still clenched in bitter anger.

"Joey!" cried his mother in a frightened voice as she came timidly into the kitchen. "Those terrible boys again! What were they doing here at this time of night?"

"Nothing, Ma, really. Now go back to bed and stop worrying."

"Why won't you tell me anything?" she asked persistently. "You are hiding something from me. Joe, you know the only thing that makes my life worth living is my faith in your doing the right thing. Certainly you aren't taking up with that bunch of rowdies!"

Joe banged his fist on the table.

"No, Ma, you're wrong!" he shouted. "There's nothing of the kind, I swear. Now forget it and go to bed!"

With a pained, troubled look, Mrs. Gano turned to go, muttering to herself, "To think that my very own son—!"

Several months later Joe turned down the chasm of darkness between two buildings that was Penn Alley. He looked carefully from side to side, deriving enjoyment from the thought that this was nearly the last time that he would have to walk through this dirty black alley. His muscles ached from the hard work he had engaged in all day, but his weariness did not dampen his happy mood. He had anticipated this evening for a long time, and now after many long, wearisome months, he had earned enough money to help his mother pay the down payment on their new home. It had seemed an endless struggle to save enough, but at last they were to reach the goal they had set with such determination.

Joe pushed open the door of his miserable abode eagerly, but a flick of the lights suddenly revealed a menace that stopped him short in his tracks.

"Get out of here, you bums!" he ordered, his eyes blazing. "I've had enough of you and your tricks. Ma and I have finally got enough money to move away from this joint, and the sooner the better. What have you guys got to show for all your clever plans? Nothing, that's what! Well, I got a lot more working honestly to help Ma than you will ever get by your stealing!"

He was trembling with fury, but the gang remained staunch and unmoved.

"So Mama's Boy has really turned sissy!" jeered Pete. "But perhaps he can still help us. Where do you keep all this fine dough? Come on, show us where Mama puts it—if you know what's good for you."

Joe made no move. Pete nonchalantly fingered the piece of pipe held in his powerful hands.

"You wouldn't want it to go bad for your old lady, would you? We know she comes home about now every night. Too bad if she never quite got here."

"You can't do that to her!" Joe burst out defiantly. Then, realizing the futility of words, he slowly opened the hiding place, and Pete snatched the precious money.

"We've just been waitin' for you to pile up this dough for us. It's enough to make our get-away and to start working another town. Come on, you guys, tie up your old 'pal' Joe. We'll take Mama's Boy with us until we reach a nice lonely spot in the country. By the time he gets where he can squeal, we'll be out of reach!"

Scarcely an hour later, Mrs. Gano trudged up the steps and opened her door. Somehow the room looked strange, and with a dread premonition she called, "Joey!" although she could see that no one was there. Out of habit she drew her week's pay from her worn purse and automatically pulled out the small table drawer to add the money to the secret compartment behind. With shocked unbelief she felt around in the empty space. Then slowly her weary body sank to the floor, and sobs shook her small frame.

"Oh, Joey, Joey! No one could have known where that money was but you! How could you do this terrible thing?" she moaned. "I should have realized you were up to no good. You really must have been in with that gang all the time. Now you're even worse than those toughs to rob your own mother! You've broken my heart. My boy!"

Lucia Smith, Class of '46

The sounds of spring are beautiful.
The silences of spring are earthly perfection.

Jenny Cory, Class of '46

Time God

WE HAVE found a new religion, one more potent and binding than any by which man has hitherto guided his existence on earth. Our new god is more demanding and terrible in his wrath than Jupiter and his contingent on Mount Olympus. We worship him, one and all, with a deep, adoring awe and a humble fear which exceed anything mankind has ever before felt. He is inescapable, omnipresent; he is called Time.

Wherever civilization has penetrated, wherever man has laid down his axe and erected a shelter for himself and his family, wherever communities have grown and society been established, our great deity has followed with terrifying swiftness and demanded the worship of every individual. To escape his awful power and jurisdiction, if one so desires, one must travel to the farthest corners of the earth where no one has gone before him and live apart from his fellow men.

One is constantly aware of his presence because of his representatives here on earth. In every home stand innumerable idols, exacting recognition. They have adopted the name of clocks, a name, however, which seems incapable of conveying the tremendous power which they represent. Idolatry has not been abolished from the earth—far from it—for constantly throughout the entire day and often the night, we pay respectful homage to these idols. We shudder at a failure to obey their bidding; we tremble at a loss or an impairment of their sacred forms; we frantically have them replaced or repaired before too much damage is done and Time showers his terrible wrath down upon us. We awake to the mysterious chant of a shrieking idol and docilely hasten through dressing and similar preparations as the menacing hands creep relentlessly toward the breakfast hour. We rush from one appointment to another,—to school, to work, to meals, to social engagements; and always our god dictates his will and rules our activities. There is no escape! We dare not challenge Time; it moves forward, and there is no possibility of arresting its progress. And our smug, complacent idols thrust this fact at us at every turn. We must resign ourselves; Time is incontestable! We carry about on our persons fetishes, upon our wrists, in our pockets, in every conceivable place. Is there any religion which is more impossible to escape than this one? It rules our entire lives and will not allow the slightest leeway or refusal to obey. In a form of prayer we consult our fetishes constantly, and their replies to our questionings are final. There can be not a shade of doubt as to the hour; and when we fail to acknowledge the repeated warnings of our god's representatives, dire punishment awaits us. Every phase of life is guided by a quick glance at a fetish, or an idol as it may be; and who has not observed with sympathy the honest consternation of a fellow worshiper who has just discovered that he is late?

There are, of course, among us careless individuals and those who can be called by no other name than atheists. They feel that they are supremely wise, when, in actuality, they are supremely foolish, and they are due to receive a fierce storm of unmitigated punishment. Who can say that we are no longer troubled by such religious fanaticism as witch burning in old Salem, when a professed atheist of our new religion is mercilessly seared with scathing words and bitter ostracism at the stake of society? For in truth, however heartless it may appear, he who fails to pay homage to Time is treated with the utmost cruelty by the society in which he lives. This is one case where there must be no disbelievers, for they are fated to undergo the most horrible torment conceivable. Take heed, tardy ones! You have no choice but to worship ardently our new god. He is supreme and must be adored with religious zeal and heartfelt ardor.

Barbara Malm, Class of '46

Guide Mine Eyes

I sing a song of praise unto Thee, O Lord; I chant praises to Thee, O merciful Saviour.

Thou has blessed me with mine eyes; Thou hast let me see the light.

I praise Thee, O Lord, for Thy goodness; I praise and glorify Thee, O Lord, for Thy gift of vision.

Thou hast given me mine eyes to see the sights of the world; Thou hast given me mine eyes to see all that is good and that which is evil.

I must choose, O Lord, which things I will cast mine eyes upon; I must choose, O Lord, between the clean and the unclean, the just and the unjust.

Mine eyes look upon my friends; let them, O Lord, be sincere. Mine eyes look upon mine enemies; let them, O Lord, be not hateful.

Help me, therefore, to see what is good and just and clean; give me the strength to turn mine eyes from the works of the devil.

I am lifting mine eyes unto Thee, O King of Glory, that Thou alone mayest guide them, now, and forevermore.

Mary Savage Motto, Class of '49

Ruins

THE warm sun streamed in through the high glass window of the hospital ward, drenching the room with warmth and light. The long row of white beds seemed even whiter in the dazzling sun. The occupants, however, seemed completely oblivious to the brightness as they lay unheedingly in the invisible gloom which surrounded them. One bed at the far end seemed to be the quintessence of the sun, as if the light in the other parts of the room were merely a foil for this one dash of unrestricted splendor. The boy in this bed, like the others in the ward, had been seriously wounded; but now he was the only one of the long row of patients who had been completely healed. He sat up, reading a magazine story, a smile flickering across his face, as if in defiance of the general depression of the room.

"A beautiful day, isn't it, nurse?" he said cheerfully as the woman in white approached his bed. It was the first sound other than that of the nurse's voice as she went from bed to bed, trying to cheer up the boys. Gratefully she stopped at Johnny's bedside.

"It certainly is, and it won't be long before you'll be up and around so you can really enjoy it," she said.

It was a pleasure for her to visit Johnny, for he was always in such good spirits. The other boys were melancholy and unhappy, their gloominess making a sharp contrast with Johnny's brightness. Oddly enough, however, the warmth of his laughter and spirit hadn't reached beyond the small sphere of his own bed. The boys seemed to resent his continual smile rather than to enjoy it.

Johnny was saying, "You bet I'll be up and around pretty soon, and then I'll really get a taste of life. It seems odd, but the war, instead of depressing me with the inevitability of death, only showed me the way to live, the right way. I'll bet you never knew there was a right and a wrong way, did you? Well, I never knew it either until the war made me see it, rather, threw the whole solution in my face. You see, before, I was just another kid, doing what appealed to me at a particular time, letting life come and go. Sure, I was happy, but who wouldn't be? I had everything I wanted—my youth, friends, security, and even a little excitement. But when the war came, all that was changed. It seems funny now to think that all I wanted was to go out and fight for my country. There wasn't any actual realization of patriotism; I just knew I had to go. It all seems so far away. I can't even remember how I felt. It must have been a feeling belonging to the other way of life."

"Tell me, Johnny, what particular thing made you suddenly decide that your former way of life was wrong?"

"It wasn't any event in particular, nurse; it was a gradual change. Out there on the battlefield watching your buddies die around you, you begin to get mad, boiling mad, until you start to ask yourself why are they dying, and there is no answer. You only know that they are dying because they came, because they were kids just like yourself, living the same kind of life. Then you reason that there must be something wrong with your kind of life, the life that pushes you gently along with it, like a leaf in a breeze. You begin to realize that you've got to turn and face life and go after it; you've got to be the boss if you want to get all you can out of it."

"I wish you could get the other boys to have some of the courage and hope that you have. If all the wounded had the same philosophy as you, we doctors and nurses would have nothing on our hands but the healing of the body. It seems odd that it is so much harder to heal a wounded mind than a wounded body, but a body is a matter of time and luck, while a mind can only be cured from within. Oh, by the way, your wife is coming tomorrow. She certainly will be surprised to see how you've come along. The last time she saw you you were a mass of bandages, and now you're almost completely well."

A cloud passed over Johnny's face, "Tomorrow? Oh well, it might as well be tomorrow as any time."

"I know you'd rather have her come today, but tomorrow is the soonest she could get here. It won't be long now."

"Tomorrow," Johnny thought. Then the time had actually come when he would have to face her. Would she understand? No. She couldn't possibly understand. She was still living in the same little world that he had left so many months ago. A large gulf had been made between them that could never be closed. He didn't want it closed. She was only a burden in his life now, the one obstacle to his independence. Cheerful? Of course he was cheerful. Why shouldn't he be? He had everything that he had had when he went to war, and more. Life was at his finger tips. All he had to do was reach out and have everything he wanted. And what did he want? He wanted life, all of it. He would wring it dry. Yes, he would have to tell his wife that he was going to go his own way, that she could no longer belong to him if he wanted to hold the word in his hands.

His thoughts were interrupted by the nurse, who was coming back with a small boy trailing after her. The pair stopped at each bedside while the boy gave an old funny magazine to each patient. Some of the soldiers were rude to the little boy as they resisted his cheerful donation, but he persisted and managed to leave a book at each bed. As they came to Johnny's bed the nurse said, "This is Danny Peters, Johnny. He and his friends have been collecting these magazines for months. They even

scraped together a few extra dimes so as to be able to buy some new ones for you boys. Wasn't that thoughtful?"

She led the visitor up to Johnny's bed, where Danny might be able to spread out his collection in order to find a book suitable to the patient's taste. The nurse was saying, "You'd better find something extra special for Johnny. He's our prize patient. Only a few weeks here and he's as good as new. If you want to see an ideal soldier, who went in and came out of the war still smiling, just look at Johnny. The war might have been a terrible experience for him, but he knows that it was only a stepping stone toward a better way of life. Isn't that right, Johnny?"

"Gee," exclaimed Danny as he jumped up on the bed, "are you really that wonderful? Tell me about the Nazis, and guns, and war."

"Sure kid, they're human monsters with guns. That's really all there is to it. You can find the same thing in those funny magazines of yours. They're all fighting for some ideal which is forgotten by the time the next copy comes out. You'll find some day, as I have, that real war is as empty as the world of—of—Flash Gordon."

Something in Johnny's face and his tone of voice sent a shiver up Danny's spine. His big eyes just stared out at Johnny from his hurt and stricken face. An instinctive fear of the man who was supposed to be his idol and inspiration riveted the lad to his place. Johnny's smile faded as he saw that something had strangely affected the little boy. He tried to regain Danny's confidence, coaxing and pleading, but it was of no avail. The boy continued to cower behind the nurse with an uncomprehending expression on his face.

"Come along, Danny. Johnny didn't mean to frighten you. His monsters with guns are really only men with distorted ideas; so forget it. There are others in the ward who are waiting for their books." The two walked off, and Johnny could hear them talking and giggling. As they were leaving the ward, he saw the boy turn back for a last glimpse of the mysterious soldier down at the other end, and then he scurried out.

The next day dawned as bright and sunny as the day before. The sky was a clear untainted blue, except where the sun caused the blue to fade into yellow and then into white. Johnny sat up in his bed waiting for the arrival of his wife. A thousand thoughts were milling around in his brain in the anticipation of the unpleasant scene to come, but he was not nervous. It was a bridge that must be crossed; and he would cross it with clarity and assurance, if not with unbounded pleasure.

Then he saw her, as lovely as he remembered her; but her appearance and smile had no effect on him as they had had before. She was merely an attractive object without meaning or life. He was conscious of a feeling of relief sweeping through him. It would make it easier for him if he was sure of himself.

As she came nearer, she broke away from the attendant who had shown her and ran to him. Suddenly she stopped. The smile left her lips as she gazed into the coldness, the indescribable emptiness behind Johnny's smile and eyes. Quietly she sat on the chair beside his bed.

"It's been a long time, hasn't it, Emily?"

"Yes, a long time for dreaming, Johnny, and now at last my dreams will come true. If you only knew how many cherished plans I have made—a home of our own, children, all the things that will build our future, yours and mine, Johnny. Did you miss me as much as I missed you?"

"You don't have much time to miss anyone out there. They keep you pretty busy in the Army. But I often thought of you, going to the store and to lunch with the girls, making plans for the future, hoping, dreaming, yet never acting."

"What do you mean never acting? I do lots of things and am considered one of the most active women of the town."

"But your sort of action is dull and insipid. You don't take large strides in any direction, for your whole being is stifled by fears and hopes for the future. Time pushes you forward as you waste your life striving for meaningless objects. You don't realize that life itself is the only worthwhile object. Did it ever occur to you that life is momentous and transient and that the only way to reach to the heart of it is to laugh at the past and the future and cling to the moment?"

"No, I guess it never occurred to me. To me the moment is important only for its relation to the future. If the moment were complete in itself, what would be the object of living it?"

"But Emily, this is now, and we're living now, not yesterday, nor tomorrow, but now. I'm going to live only once, and I mean to get all I can out of living. You have to live in the present, for the day, for the hour; or you're lost in a lot of hopes and goals and ideals, destroying yourself and the meaning of life. The war made me realize that I was alive, that I was important. If I hadn't been such a fool and thought it was my duty, that there was some sort of ideal more important than my own life, I would never have gotten into such a mess. What do I care if humanity is lost, if civilization is destroyed, or if my neighbor's son can have a better world to live in? Try to understand, Emily, can't you?"

"No, I'm afraid I can't."

"Of course you can't. You've been living in that simple and naive atmosphere too long. But I've seen men killed, go blindly to their deaths, fighting for some long forgotten ideal; and I've seen others turn and run to save their lives. The ones who turn and run are the real heroes. They have learned the value of life. They know that they are the important thing, not the war or the victory, but their own lives. Most people don't appreciate life. Every one puts up a howl at the idea of playing the

black market. It's dishonest and immoral, and it will ruin the economic balance of the government. Bah, who cares? Let the honest man suffer. If he isn't smart enough to enrich himself, has too many sacred principles of conduct so that he doesn't realize his own importance as compared with that of a mere principle, he hasn't learned to live!"

"But, Johnny, don't you realize that without these principles life has no meaning? Do you think that God created man not to have any reason for his existence other than to exist? Or don't you believe in God any more?"

"God? Where is He? Do you think if there were a God He would let men go out and kill themselves, destroying that which He had created? If He were going to create mankind just to destroy it, what would be the point of all His efforts? No, Emily, for me there is no God other than myself. I can get what I want out of life through my own efforts and through them alone. But everyone can't get all he wants, you, for instance; for you can't really appreciate life. One must want it and have the strength to go after it without a lot of silly principles and ideals which only hinder one. Yes, Emily, for me life in all its completeness is within my reach, and I mean to have it, every drop. And I will go alone, without you, without enigmas, and without God."

"Yes, you are right, Johnny. You must go alone."

Johnny watched her walk down the long corridor, remembering how she had looked at him, remembering the expression in her fathomless eyes, which seemed to hold the darkness of all eternity in their depth. He had won. She had not seen it his way, but surely he knew that the victory was his; for he was free to start his quest for life. All he had to do was reach out and hold it within his grasp.

A cloud slowly found its way across the sun, and the room was temporarily thrown into shadow. A wisp of cold dampness brushed across Johnny's heart and he sank dejectedly down in his bed. And off on some far flung battlefield lay a lost soul, engulfed in death.

Joan Thompson, Class of '46

Values

The sun rises,
But the sky is aglow with other light;
The battle that has consumed the night is still raging.

Men die,
But no one cares; life is worthless.
The ideal has triumphed over human life.
The sun sets.

Jeannette Kiefer, Class of '46

On Respect for Ego

PERHAPS some day a method will be found for abolishing our ego. It is always getting us into trouble, getting in the way, and getting tramped on. Since it causes so much trouble, one wonders if it is necessary and whether it serves any purpose.

I can not remember when I first became aware of my ego. It must have been a gradual experience. I do remember, however, of being naughty, of being scolded, of feeling ashamed, of being good, of being praised, and of feeling proud. Being ashamed and being proud seem to have something to do with our ego, with the feeling of self-respect and with the feeling of self-reliance. They also have something to do with our desire for improvement. The desire to have a good opinion of ourselves must be universal.

Why is it, then, that self-approval has so bad a name? It is called conceit, egotism, arrogance, vanity, or pride. Humility, modesty, humbleness, and meekness have a good reputation, but self-approval is a smug, selfish little snob without friends or admirers. Perhaps, then, it is time that someone said a good word about our ego.

History is full of egotists such as Nero, Charles I, Hitler, and Mussolini. In literature I think of Circe, Messala, the Doones, and Brian de Bois-Guilbert. They all had a very good opinion of themselves, but what is more, they had a very poor opinion of everyone else. It is "grandeur with his wise grimace" and "upstart wealth's averted eye"; it is the attitude of superiority that gives self-love so bad a reputation.

On the other hand, there have always been Judases in the world, who have respect neither for themselves nor for others. Indeed it would seem that lack of self-respect makes one critical and jealous of others. Certainly that was the case with such characters as Varney, Scrooge, and Modred. In my own case whenever something has gone wrong, I find myself looking around for someone else to blame. An easy way to save one's pride is to criticize others.

If it is the desire to feel superior to others that makes egotism bad, then why is it not the better way to try to think well of others, rather than worse of ourselves? Thinking well of oneself seems to bring happiness. It is the incentive for progress and improvement. Thinking ill of oneself brings unhappiness and discouragement. As I am sure we have all learned from experience, thinking well of others also brings happiness.

When we come to the conclusion that the important thing is to think well of others, we begin to notice things about others which we might not have seen before. We discover their good qualities. We make allowances for their weaknesses just as we excuse our own. Respect is the beginning of friendship.

Of course, when we come to respect others, we must also respect their opinions of us. This is not merely a desire to be popular or a desire to have influence. When we know that others respect us, we get not only greater confidence in ourselves but also a greater feeling of good will.

Emerson in his essay on self-reliance tells us that we should live according to our own opinions. Matthew Arnold in his poem "Self-Reliance" tells us that we should be self-poised like the stars. Polonius said to Laertes. "This above all, to thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." I believe that we can be true to ourselves and at the same time can love and respect others, and that, when we do, our self-respect will keep in limits.

Betty Bemis, Class of '47

Memories

As I place before this cold gray stone
My simple floral wreath,
My mind drifts back to distant days
Of the one who lies beneath.

She was sweet and lovely as a rose
Still bright with morning dew;
Her heart, like velvet petals blown,
Was ever tender and true.

She was young and gay as a bird at dawn;
Her spirit rang forth in song,
Her smile like golden beams of sun
My heart made glad and strong.

Her blue eyes sparkled like stars above,
Gleaming pure and clear at night;
Her laugh, like a running, rippling brook,
Filled me with warmth and delight.

Then Fate stepped in and dulled this light
Which had hardly seen the morn;
Her eyes, her laugh, her heart he dimmed
And left me now to mourn.

Sally Blair, Class of '47

Heaven Sends Her Bit

WE were together again. It was the first time Brent and I had met since the war had separated us five years before. We were covering the old territory which had become so familiar to us on our frequent runs from Albany to New York. I watched the trees breeze by and listened to the monotonous grind of the chugging wheels and wondered why the engineer blew the whistle so loudly while I was trying to catch an afternoon nap. The war had come as a strange interlude, interrupting our plans for a time, but everything appeared the same once more. Yes, apparently, nothing had really changed.

Through the window could be seen the same farm house, the one with the strange triangular front, the same orchard—its trees a little larger, the same sunshine which forced us to drop the shade to protect our eyes from the glare. No, nothing had changed, even those rows of willows following the old river bed. I was always going to count those trees, but never could think of it till the train was past. I wondered if Brent was still the same.

I had known Brent for many years. We had gone through high school and college together, played football on the same teams, went hunting together, and grew big together—big in every sense of the word. By our last year in college, Brent especially had grown exceptionally big in stature.

Had five years altered the man sitting across from me? He had a frown on his face and was breathing heavily. His large frame was having difficulty relaxing in the cramped quarters. His feet extended far under my seat. My thoughts ran backwards. It was Graduation Day, and I could distinctly hear him clamor as he wrapped his tie into one big knot about his neck,—“Pal, we’re big . . . plenty big, we’re going to let the world know we’re here some day!”

“Oh,” I said, “so now we’re Napoleon out to conquer.” I couldn’t control a good laugh, but my face sobered as I saw the determined expression stamped on Brent’s face.

“You may hate the sound of this,” he said as he ceased fumbling with his tie and came over closer to me, “but I want little things to squirm under my power. I’m going to push little people aside and let them feel my power.” In a sudden show of strength his big fist crashed against the wall of the room with a tremendous force. I tried to hurry him to dress and ignore his talk. His eyes had such a cold, glassy stare when he spoke this way that I thought surely he must be excited—graduation and all.

“You know our hunting trips?” he went on. “Remember the fox we trapped and the deer we shot? That gave me the best satisfaction . . .”

The bell rang for the exercises.

I thought of all this as I watched the same man sitting across from me. Brent was dozing fitfully, and he had a determined expression on his face as though he were trying to trample any dream that came to him. It took all my will power to keep from reaching over and lifting Brent's eyelids to see if the glassy stare were forcing its coldness into his dream. . .

"Oh Brent, Brent," I wanted to scream, "why must you have that cruel streak surging through you?"

I remembered the time he kicked the dog aside because it was in his way at the door of the College Inn. The other fellas were as stunned as I. How Brent's eyes had glared as he walked in without the least feeling of regret! Or was he without regret? I thought I noticed him cast an anxious glance toward the door as he slid into the booth next to me. But maybe I was mistaken, for in the next minute he was answering the inquiring voices with, "Oh that . . . well the dog was in the way."

And there was the time he destroyed the nest of robins outside our window.

"They wake us up much too early," he said, as though trying to justify his action.

"Oh Brent," I heard myself shouting in my thoughts. "Why don't you see things as Nature has meant them to be? Some are big and some are small. Don't you see? You were just the lucky one—being big and strong. Didn't you get your fill of all this in the war . . . trampling the little guys . . . hating them, killing them, pushing them aside, proving you were bigger than they? Didn't you hate, hate, hate . . . until you couldn't hate another thing as long as you live? Didn't you ever want to quit fighting, quit pushing, quit trampling? Oh, what's the use?"

I jerked from my thoughts as the train lurched to a stop at a small junction. It was stifling hot; so I raised the window to breathe the fresh summer air. Hot oven air slapped me in the face, but just as I was about to close the window, a small voice caught my attention.

The voice was pleading—"Have you seen him, Mister? Have you seen my daddy, Mister? Please tell me if you saw my daddy."

As I scanned the platform, all I could see were service men until my eyes lowered and my gaze centered upon a tiny girl standing just below the window. I looked down, and her little face was squinting up at mine. Her shiny soft yellow hair seemed to reflect the sun, so that I was obliged to squint, too. A starched white pinafore stood out in front as though it were trying to help her balance, for she had to bend her small back so far to look at our window. Before I could ask her to repeat her question and just why she was standing in the hot sun, Brent awakened and strained to see what was causing the commotion. As he put his head out of the window the tiny voice repeated.

"Have you seen him, Mister? Have you seen my daddy—I come here every day and I thought maybe today"

With that I saw Brent's eyes.

"Oh no," I thought, "You couldn't hate this little girl! She's only asking you a simple question—can't you see her pleading eyes?"

"Brent! Don't you have any heart?" This time I shouted, but the cold stare hardened in his eyes. He clenched his fists. I was stunned. He was on his feet and half way out the window.

Again I heard the small voice say, "Please, Mister . . . " Brent raised his arm as though to strike a glancing blow—and then there was silence. I was afraid to look. This meant the end for Brent and me. I looked up and there was Brent standing with his arm frozen in the air. The little voice was saying, "I just thought maybe you would know where my daddy is. I came to see if he's on the train. Mommie says I shouldn't come any more, but . . . "

Brent was glaring at the little girl. I followed his stare, and it was centered on a little button fastened tightly to her pinafore.

The train jerked, and we were slowly moving away before I saw the little gold star glistening in the sun.

"Wave to me, Mister. Wave 'till my daddy really comes home."

I saw Brent's hand rise, a little hesitantly at first, followed by a perceptible wave as his big frame shook convulsively—his eyes filled with tears.

She looked like a bit of heaven as she stood all alone in the sun and threw him a kiss with her chubby hand. A contented smile spread over her little freckled face as she drew herself up to her full three feet She was only five.

Marilyn Cole, Class of '46

Death

Flirt with fickle life;
Fill your hours with endless striving,
Till your soul with weariness cries out
For rest;
And then embrace eternity.
Rise above mortal earth
And free your heart from custom's fetters,
Hypocrisy's heavy chains.
Cares, doubts, desires will vanish;
One must sleep.

Barbara Malm, Class of '46

From War to Peace

DECEMBER 7, 1941—The peaceful serenity of a Sunday afternoon was shaken by the tragic news which broke through the symphony. Women became frightened and bewildered, men grew serious, and young boys seemed to grow older, over those few minutes, with a manly determination. Those unbelievable words that rang throughout the country will forever echo in the hearts of us Americans who had thought we were far too superior, too overpowering to become suddenly oppressed by war, who had always looked down on other countries, marvelling at our own strength. Who would dare snatch away the peace and unity which we held so dear?

Yes, who indeed? We had been far too sure of ourselves to stop and realize what could happen. We were drawn within ourselves, unwilling to look over the wall which surrounded us. We were in a state of complete indifference as to the things which did not immediately concern us. Therefore when war was declared, it fell upon us like a bolt out of the blue.

Our country was suddenly thrown into a state of turmoil. Immediately we awoke to the realization that we were not supreme. No longer could we shut ourselves away from the rest of the world and ignore the facts which our blindness had hidden from us. Stars were being hung in windows of once happy homes, and soon more and more gold stars replaced them. Tragedy met us at every moment, and people began to share the disasters and sorrows of others.

The hearts of Americans were open during those black years. The war brought on a common bond which served to unite once distant people. The walls which had once surrounded us disappeared and left a closeness which could not be overlooked. No matter where we went, we were met with a warm and kind friendliness. This friendliness was not just confined to our next door neighbor, but total strangers merely passing on the street shared it.

We won the war with a glorious victory. The flag of freedom once more waved undaunted, bells rang, people rejoiced through tears of happiness, and the boys, who had fought so courageously, once more returned. Yes, we won the war, and we may now settle back to our normal lives. But was the life we led before the war a normal life? Can a life of unawareness and ignorance be called normal? We sacrificed dearly in this war, and many, many people did not rejoice when the boys came home, but, instead, could only think of those fateful telegrams.

Are we going to shut our eyes once more and let the same thing happen again?

Florence Troxel, Class of '46

Courage

A CAR sped through the black and silent night. The occupants of this car, a man and his wife, were tense and anxious. They needed gas in order to reach their destination. Then far ahead they saw the solitary light of a gas station reaching out to them and lighting their way to a ramshackle building which stood alone in the night, surrounded only by the dark, protecting mountains.

As the car slid up to the station, the man noticed that the place seemed deserted. The single burning light appeared to be the only living object there. The man and his wife waited, impatient and angry with this inexcusable delay. Finally the man, unable to stand it any longer, leapt from the car and began pounding on the door of the station. Nothing happened, and he stormed back to the car. Again they waited.

Presently a door inside the station opened, and two small children peered out inquisitively. They walked over to the glass door, and pressing their noses against it, proceeded to stare at the car as if they were not accustomed to seeing one. They appeared to be locked in and seemed to be trying to explain something to the people in the car. But the man and his wife could not hear the message; and so they remained, hoping that someone else would come.

Then another door opened, and out of it came a huge hulk of a man, swaying unsteadily between his two canes and moving slowly as if he were struggling against some great obstacle. As he crept across the room, the two children hurried to open the glass door that led outside. The grotesque shape lumbered through it and inched his way toward the pump, all the while grinning, but with a painful and courageous twist to that grin.

"Are you open for business?" inquired the man in the car. He could not help staring at the amazing creature.

"Yes, sir," was the cheerful reply. "Sorry I'm kinda slow. I'll make it all right."

"Can I help you?" the man in the car asked hesitantly. He was at a loss for words and could only mumble the question.

"No, thanks," smiled the huge man. "The kids here can help me. Haven't been out for quite a while. Have to get my bearings all over again."

The owner of the car could only stand and watch, speechless with amazement, as the creeping hulk filled the tank with ease and assurance.

"Say, have you got something I can use to clean my windshield? I seem to have run into an army of bugs."

"Dickie, get the man a cloth and the windshield cleaner. You can run errands better than I can."

The five-year-old brought the cloth and cleanser, and the driver busied himself with his cleaning task until the man had finished filling the tank. When he was finished, he turned and began the long, painful walk back to the building. As he approached the doorstep, which was only an inch high, his faded blue shirt tightened across his back and around his arms as his powerful muscles grew taut like a cat getting ready to spring. For a moment it seemed as if that doorstep would prevent him from continuing. Cautiously he placed one cane over the sill and with a painful effort tried to draw his body after it. The cane slipped on the floor; he staggered and seemed about to fall. But with an almost superhuman effort he steadied himself with the other cane. He seemed to defy all aid and said with a slow, painful smile, "It's okay, mister. I'll make it." Then he grinned and was in the room. He shuffled over to a desk and sinking into a chair, started to open the cash register which had been placed conveniently near him so that he would not have to move. The driver stepped inside to pay, and his curiosity overcame him. He began to question the courageous owner of the station.

"Do you run this place alone?" he asked.

"Alone, mister? I'm not alone. I have the two kids. They're all I need."

"What made you pick a lonely place like this? Didn't you have a home to go to?"

"No, sir. I had to go some place where I could do something, be of some help. I decided I could help a lot of people by giving them gas. I didn't want help. I wanted to help others."

"Isn't it hard to run a station like this? I should think all the getting up and down would be hard to take."

The big man grinned sympathetically, even sorrowfully. The driver could not understand. Never had he seen such an amazing and brave man.

"As I said before, mister, the kids do all the running around for me. I haven't been out for quite a while. Matter of fact, this is the first time in almost a year. I'm getting along fine, though."

Dazed, the owner of the car could only ask, "Do you like this work?"

"I'm happy to be alive, sir. That's enough."

There was a moment of silence. One man stared at the floor, at a loss for words. The other smiled to himself, his thoughts turning back over the year that had just passed with its pain and loneliness and fear.

Then, as if reading his thoughts, the driver resumed his questioning. "When did this thing happen to you?"

"A year ago. I was in a hospital for several months. Then they released me. I guess they must have given up hope. I set out on my own. I got the kids together and started looking for a place to go and something to do. Little Dickie and his sister were wonderful. They helped me

search. Then I got the idea of this station, and here we are, doing what we can. Ever been in the Army, mister?"

"No, I was rejected. The fighting certainly was tough, judging from what I heard and read."

"I'm telling you, mister, it sure was!"

"Please don't think I'm trying to pry into your affairs, but would you mind telling me just how this accident happened?"

"I guess you might call it an accident, mister. Maybe it was. You see, I was in the army and went out to capture a machine gun. I was paralyzed."

Mary Simmons, Class of '46

Eternal Days

Each day in splendor slips away but leaves
Its imprint here forever on our lives.
It stays, remaining under shadowed eaves
Of memory, where it lodges and survives.
The day which we defer to think about,
In spite of passing years and their delay,
Reminds us still, with tiny wisps of doubt
That that which we have snatched we must repay.
Though forgotten is the cruel and selfish deed,
Its thoughtlessness remembered now by none,
The smallest, meanest act at once takes seed,
And we wish a thousand times it were undone;
For then in moments of sweet victory
It returns and silently collects its fee.

Diane Wilson, Class of '48

A Curtain Falls

The curtain falls on World War II:
The seats of brotherhood are empty;
The common bond of grief is gone;
Reticence has made its entry.

Marilyn Cole, Class of '46

Departure

WAR had been going for almost nine months, but its ravages had not yet reached the shores of England; all bombardment and bloodshed had been limited to the far distant lands on the continent. At the beginning of 1940 I had absolutely no conception of the word *war*, save for a few annoying inconveniences. True, my mother had enlisted in the A. T. S., the women's army of England, and my uncle had joined the R.A.F. and had been sent to South Africa, but other than that life was the same. I was boarding at a girls' school in a town three miles away from our village, Jordans, and life there continued much the same as it had in the past. Gas-masks hung by our beds at night, black-out curtains had to be drawn every evening, and occasional air-raid drills interrupted our otherwise normal routine. My mother came home on week-end leaves, and we heard often from my airborne uncle. (I should not use the word airborne, for he was not a thrilling, romantic pilot, simply an uninteresting intelligence man.) Soon the vaccies (evacuee children from London who were staying with village families) became more and more numerous in Jordans. I began to save my shillings to buy National Savings Certificates. News came of Germany's invasion of Holland and Belgium, and then the bombs began to drop on English soil.

My carefree life at school continued for only a fortnight longer, when I was informed that my grandmother, my brother, and I were to vacate our cottage in Jordans and move to Cornwall. I cannot remember my reaction, but it could not have been very strong; otherwise I should have remembered. I am sure I did not grasp the complete meaning of this change. For months I had been playing with the vaccies, and now I was to become one myself, although not in the true sense of the word. Because the dangers of war were still remote to me, for the south of England seemed far, far away, I could not quite see the necessity of leaving Jordans, but I accepted with nonchalance. In fact, I must have been glad that we were moving, for Cornwall was my favorite spot in England. I loved its rugged coast, its smashing breakers, its fresh salty air, its small fishing villages, and its fields of wild flowers and coarse, springy grass. I loved to climb among the cliffs and caves, to fish for shrimps in the crystal-clear pools among the rocks, to surf-bathe in those giant breakers, and to play on the big, sandy beach. The sea had always thrilled and enchanted me, and now I was to live by it. At the end of May we moved into Furzy Close, a cozy little bungalow overlooking wide Polzeath Bay, where we had spent the previous summer.

How I loved those days in Cornwall! My brother's and my schooling was continued by a wonderful retired professor whom we had met the summer before. He had a few other pupils, but we became only slightly

acquainted with them. Nevertheless, we did not even notice the absence of playmates in our life there. There was too much fun swimming, exploring, and going on picnics to neighboring bays.

On Sundays we would walk a couple miles over country lanes to the quaintest and sweetest little church I have ever seen. It nestled snugly among the rolling hills, blending so completely with the rural countryside that it was scarcely noticeable from a distance. From the top of a nearby hill I could see the countryside for miles around and in the distance a bay shining in the bright summer sun. Beyond it like a thin pencil line the sea traced a silver streak across the horizon. This was the Cornwall I loved; I should have been content to live here always.

My paradise was not to last long, however, for on June twenty-ninth we were told at dinner that we were to go to America. I heard the news with mingled excitement and curiosity. Again I did not realize what this would mean; I did not quite understand why my grandmother, after she had told us and was folding the table cloth, said with a choke in her voice, "I can't bear to see you go," and hurried out to the kitchen. I did not realize that I would be leaving practically all my people and all my friends. I was full of excitement at the prospect of the adventure of going back to America. My brother and I had been there several times before, but I remembered very little. I am afraid that I was not very sorry at the idea of having to leave England, for all my life I had been used to traveling, and this to me was just another new home and another trip across the Atlantic (it must have been my fifth or sixth). I had never had a real home; in fact I had never even thought about any one place as my *home town*. I liked living in many new places; it was much more interesting and much more fun. With characteristic childish optimism I took it for granted that my visit would not last any great length of time and that I would soon come back again.

With eager anticipation and no deep regret in my heart, I boarded on July second the train for London with my grandmother and brother. My mother joined us there, and I spent the next day—my last—shopping at Selfridge's (which has since been bombed) and seeing the movie *Pinocchio*. My grandmother left us at that point and returned to Jordans. Memory and the brief diary which I kept all that year fail me on the details of her departure. But I know that at ten o'clock that evening my mother, my brother, and I started our journey to Galway, Ireland, from whence my brother and I were to proceed alone across the Atlantic. My diary tells me I "had a foul night in the train," and I remember having to rise very early the next morning and finding myself in Holyhead, a small town at the very northwest of Wales. For a couple hours we were ferried over the choppy waters of St. George's Channel to Ireland.

Perhaps I was most excited when we disembarked on Irish soil, for I had never been in Ireland before. I cannot recall going through Dublin (I

had always wanted to go there) and across the isle. I do remember, however, standing on the dock at Galway that evening and seeing the monstrous *S. S. Washington* moored stationary in the middle of the bay. It looked like a tiny toy boat resting in the middle of a large lake.

We spent the night in Galway and the next morning shopped for souvenirs in the quaint little Irish stores. I remember one shop especially. We were looking at the articles on display in the dim little room in search of something appropriate to give my grandparents upon arrival in the United States. Having decided upon some golf balls and a handmade lace handkerchief, we paid the woman behind the counter. She had taken a great interest in my brother and me and was questioning my mother about us. Apparently we were among the refugee children who were fleeing to America for safety. I liked the plump, jovial woman, but how I resented being pitied as a refugee! I wasn't one, nor was my brother! We were simply going to stay a while in America. For years afterwards my mind flinched whenever we were referred to as refugees. This shopkeeper fulfilled my idea of a typical Irishwoman—large, garrulous, and kind. After she had wrapped our gifts, she reached under the counter and brought out a pretty little pitcher and presented it to us. With a beam on her face she blessed us and said that she would pray for our safety and happiness.

Late that afternoon the time came for my brother and me to board the ferry that would take us to the *S. S. Washington*. We waited on the dock for what seemed hours, my brother and I sitting on suitcases and my mother nervously smoking. Before I knew, it was all over. I had kissed my mother good-bye and was standing by the rail on the ferry. And then it struck me, while I stood waving good-bye to her as the boat pulled away, that I should not see her for a long, long time. My throat began to ache, and my eyes began to water. But with defiance I swallowed the lump in my throat and went below the deck.

Jocelyn France, Class of '47

Fight On

"Old men for counsel, young men for war," chant the drums.

Fight, young men! Fight for your country.

Let the old men slaughter your young lives,

As the comrades of their youth were slaughtered;

You have no voice.

Fight, young men! Fight for your country.

Jeannette Kiefer, Class of '46

"I Have Kept the Faith"

I HAVE kept the faith," were the last words of St. Paul, greatest among the Apostles. He dedicated his life to God and went from place to place, from country to country, preaching the words of the Messiah and baptizing all those, Jew and Gentile alike, who believed in their hearts the teachings of Christ. He suffered innumerable tortures. He was beaten, stoned, imprisoned for years in a dank, dirty cell, and at last sentenced to death, all because he believed in Christ.

To those who may raise an eyebrow and with a shrug of the shoulders say, "Well, Paul was perfect, and people attached a greater importance to religion in those days," I say that Paul was far from perfect. His real name, Saul of Tarshish, was a name feared throughout his country. As a student in Jerusalem he heard of Christ but refused to acknowledge him as the Messiah, for he felt that acknowledgment would be a sacrilege against the God of Abraham. Seized with the idea that he must destroy the image of the Messiah, he began on his terrorizing career and brutally punished all those who refused to deny Christ. When he was so feared and hated that his life was endangered, he was sent to Damascus to continue his work. But he never reached Damascus, for on the way a vision of Christ appeared to him and said, "Oh Paul, why dost thou persecute me?" From that moment on Paul, now a believer, worked hard and did all in his power to erase the dark stain of his past. He wandered from village to village, talking of Christ to anyone who would listen to him; but his followers were few, as most, remembering his reputation and his deeds, felt that he was trying to trick them. Paul became discouraged; and when it seemed he would never succeed, another vision appeared to him and told him to go among the Gentiles and teach them the ways of the Messiah and to baptize those who would believe and be faithful. This was hard for Paul to undertake, for his religion said that no Jew should ever break bread with a Gentile. But Paul cast aside his own feelings and did as he was commanded, though he lost many of his Jewish friends who had remained faithful to him and was isolated from his race as "unclean".

As for the importance attached to religion in those days, it was not so very different from that of today. Paul, like us, lived in an age of chaotic confusion when many lands were submitted to the tyranny of the Roman Empire and Jerusalem itself was a captive city. Nero, the insane emperor, was a gross egotist who took no interest in the affairs of state unless he was overcome with boredom. Then he would pass unreasonable laws and punish in the arenas all those who did not obey. When the new religion started in Rome, Nero ordered that all the Christian churches should display his picture near the altar, and when, of course, the people

would not obey, he sent them to the arena. Among those sentenced to death in the arena was St. Paul, spared only from the horrible torture because of his Roman citizenship. According to Sholem Asch, as he stood chained to the wall of the prison, he spoke words of comfort to the condemned and reminded them that the more they suffered the greater their glory in the kingdom of heaven which awaited them across the gulf of death. He told them to shut from their hearts any malice or bitterness and to bear only pity, and he sent them forth to the arena, where they would be devoured by savage beasts. He reawakened their faith and inspired them with such courage that as they knelt awaiting death they repeated the twenty-third psalm and remembered the words of the old crippled man who had fired them with such faith.

Today we seemed to have lost faith, or else we have put it in a drawer to be used only on Sundays. Faith is something which must be constantly practiced, and there is no reason why we should not "keep the faith." Perhaps we have become so scientific-minded that we require something tangible in which to believe, but those people of Paul's day had nothing tangible. Man is progressing rapidly and needs someone higher than he to prevent him from gradually destroying himself. Paul was very much like us in that he had never seen Christ; but still he could believe to the extent that he was willing to endure torture, exile, and even death without allowing a glimmer of hate or bitterness to cloud his mind. I wonder how many of us today could face all that St. Paul faced, and still say, "I am ready for death, for I have kept the faith."

Martha Bell, Class of '46

To Minerva

O Minerva, goddess of all great wisdom,
From Jove's head thou hast sprung,
Full-grown and shining.
Help us to attain a part of thine own knowledge,
And make tolerance forever live within us.
May thy golden staff radiate love and hope on our war-torn
world,
And may thy fearful breastplate freeze to stone the greed in
our hearts.
We pray to thee, O Minerva, for inspiration and guidance to
create an everlasting peace.

Judy Johnson, Class of '49

Kaiossh, Ojibway Indian

THE STILLNESS of the night was all around me as I waited for the signal, which, I had been told, would be the fire on Perry Island, the Indian reservation that lay across the bay, opposite my window. So there I waited, thinking of how much I loved this Canadian land, and of how very grateful I was that the Indians had asked me to witness the ceremony as the new chief took over his duties from his people. For Stanley Manitowaba, the former chief, had just died, and his office was being handed down to his son at this tribal ceremony. I was greatly honored, as I was the only white person ever to see the ceremony in the history of the tribe.

When the hall clock had struck eleven, I noticed a faint glow in the west and stealthily crept out of the house and down to the boathouse, where I was to meet someone who was to take me over to the island. I had not waited there long before I was startled by a voice near my elbow, and recognized Alfred Manitowaba and Francis Pegamagabow. They were in Alfred's canoe, and as they held it steady next to the dock, I carefully climbed into the middle. When we were settled, the men started to paddle back, and in about ten minutes we reached the landing on the island, where we climbed onto the rocks and walked towards the fires, which had grown bigger and brighter as we approached. As we came around a bend in the trail, I was struck by the magnitude of the fire and the way it was laid. There were railroad tracks across the island, and the fires had been laid along the gravel roadbed, which stretched for two miles in a band of flame. There were huge piles of brush and small timber at intervals along the fire, as it was to burn for nearly six hours.

As the men paused to talk with some of the others, I had time to look around, and the sight was amazing. There were more Indians there than I had ever seen before in my life, and they were of all ages, sizes, and shapes. There were men and young boys and women with girls around them, some clutching a piece of their mothers' skirts, and a few too tiny to walk. There were families camped all along the fires, and I was told that some of them had traveled for over a hundred miles to come to meet their new chief. All were busily talking when we arrived, but as the chief raised his hand, the hum of voices ceased, and all were quiet, though some were too far away to see the signal or hear his voice. He introduced me to the tribe, and a man sitting near me translated the words for me, as Alfred was speaking in his own tongue.

When he had done that, the chief turned to the fire, where, on a forked stick arched above the flames, hung a small deer skin bag. The chief told me in English that the bag was made from the skin of a yearling buck, and then turned to explain that to his people, a great many of whom could speak no English. In the bag was some sort of liquid which was very

hot, though not boiling. One of the Indians stepped forward, took the bag from Alfred, and held it aloft for all to see. He then bade Alfred kneel down before him and repeat some words that seemed to be the equivalent of an inaugural oath. This done, he handed the bag back to the new chief, and turned to me with a gesture to step up before the fire. When I had done so, he spoke to me in rather halting English, before he told his people what he was going to do. He told me that I was to become an Indian if I could learn their chant without telling a living soul what it meant. Very pleased, and terribly eager to fulfill all the conditions, I promised to try to do so. The chief then took the bag and sprinkled some of the liquid on my head, as the multitude started to chant the words which I was to learn. I was fascinated, and after a little hard concentration I learned the words, or rather the succession of sounds, of the chant, and was beginning to wonder whether I was ever going to learn the meaning of what I was saying, when Alfred started to tell me, in what Indian I knew, filling in the gaps with English, the lovely sentiment contained in them. The thought we have in our language and which have been so misused are very inadequate to express the lovely theme. I thus learned the chant, and when I had shown Alfred that I could say the whole thing, he signalled to the men standing around his fire, and they began to dance an old tribal dance. The timing and feeling put into the dance were perfect, and it gave one the sensation that it was expressing the feeling the people had when they pictured their growth from a few members to a whole tribe of warriors, hunters, and now, members of a surging world. There were no drums, as are usually used in an Indian dance, but the women kept time by a sort of hollow sound which was made by their lips and which sounded like the noise the wind made as it caressed the bearded pines. I was then told to go and sit with the women and keep time with them, as I had sat with the men long enough. The women sat on the other side of the railroad from the men and so were thrown deeper into the shadow of the all-concealing night. I sat with the chief's wife and her new born daughter, who was only fourteen days old. The chanting was resumed among the men, and the women continued to keep time for what seemed to me to be hours. Finally the fires burned low, and as we rose to go, I looked back on the scene to see the embers of the dying fires reflected on the shining rails of the train tracks, truly a picture of the ancient world meeting the new.

I was then returned to the chief's side and put into his canoe for the trip home. But, instead of taking me alone, he motioned to the rest of the tribe to accompany us. Each one held a lighted torch, and as they climbed into their boats and swung out into the lake, a long line of flame seemed to be coming from the island. We paddled across the bay to the boathouse, and it was truly thrilling to look back at those flaming torches held by my new friends and adopted relatives. As I got up on the dock, Alfred got out of the canoe, too, and before we parted for the night, he laid the

palm of his hand on the palm of mine, indicating that I was accepted into his tribe, and he said something which was very beautiful. "The seagull always knows an Indian an' knows he will find help, when he needs it, from one of us, and so must you know, that when your hairs have turned to silver like an old gull's feathers, your help is from us, Kaiosh." Thus I was christened Kaiosh, which means Seagull, and as the people silently paddled away, I stood and watched, awed, pleased, and very content because I now had proof that these people whom I loved so much now trusted me as I did them.

Sallie Stewart, Class of '48

A Passing Moment

THAT unforgettable night when the atomic bomb was dropped on Japan, killing vast numbers of people and crushing buildings to the ground with ear-splitting sounds of crumbling walls and breaking glass, our boat was gliding silently into Gloucester harbor. Dusk had long since fallen over the sea, and it was late when at last we reached the entrance of the harbor, where we were mooring for the night. The slight throbbing of the motor and the slapping of tiny ripples against the boat seemed to be lost in the hush of the night.

Sitting in the stern of the boat, I could see the outline of someone on the bowsprit, casting about the beam of a spotlight trying to locate the buoy. A wind stirred the pines on shore and passed over us, leaving a faint fragrance. On our right and left tiny lights gleamed from the cottages, and far in the distance appeared an arc of yellow lights shining from a bridge. But only the moon cast its light upon the rippled water and the boats riding at anchor.

Our boat was moving very slowly; and we were all silent, trying to get the most out of that one moment which would never return again. I felt as though I were slipping into a new world of infinite peace and loveliness, where security was deep-rooted and the presence of God was felt everywhere.

That night has left me with the impression that one moment can bring both peace and suffering into the world. For when I was feeling one of the happiest and most tranquil moments in my life, the walls of Japan were crumbling to the ground; shattered glass was falling upon torn up streets; cries of pain, agony, and misery were muffled by falling debris. A city was being destroyed, and I was being lulled to sleep by the wind and waves, as our boat rode at anchor in a peaceful little harbor.

Susan Bergstrom, Class of '47

Henry Perrine Baldwin

HENRY, the sixth of eight children, was born on August 19, 1842, in the Baldwin house at Lahaina on the island of Maui. Of course there were no doctors on Maui at that time, and so it was with the help of a native midwife that he entered this world and breathed, for the first time, the scented air of Hawaii. It was in this house, built of coral rock and plaster, surrounded by guava, mango, and breadfruit trees and only a few yards from the sapphire-blue sea, that he spent the carefree days of his childhood.

At Lahaina Henry studied with his brothers under his father's tutelage. This was the only education available, but no doubt it was not lacking in essentials. Since he was the son of missionaries, his studies included severe religious instruction. Each morning and evening prayers were held. These consisted of a passage taken from the Bible, a hymn, and a prayer by Father Baldwin or some important guest. Henry Baldwin, who had a natural talent for music, used to lead the hymns on the melodeon at the Seaman's Chapel when only seven years of age.

The children's favorite pastime was water sports. Their nurse, Kealoha, taught them to swim at a tender age; and when still very young, they could manage themselves in the water like natives. Henry often said, when still a small child, that he believed he was best able to swim at the bottom. The Lahaina natives were famous swimmers, and many were the tales Henry would hear of their adroitness in spearing fish far under the surface, of adventures with sharks, and of other acts of courage and skill.

When he was fifteen years old, Henry, with his brother Charles, was sent to Punahou, a boarding school near Honolulu on the Island of Oahu. During vacations the boys were put to work doing a regular man's job in the dairies and in the fields.

The great test of the new students at that time was the ceremony of ducking in the pond. It was a tradition that every new boy be ducked, but Henry, who had early learned the art of self-defence with Samuel Armstrong (later General Armstrong of Hampton Institute) put his back to the wall and told the big boys of the school to "come on". He was not ducked.

The boy's favorite pastime at Punahou was to search for land shells and ferns in the mountains and valleys of Oahu to add to his collection. Every holiday he would set out into the woods, sometimes climbing seemingly unscalable precipices. At frequent times he spent the night, wet and hungry, among the crags where the sudden darkness of the tropics stole quickly and unexpectedly upon one. Then he would return the next

morning to the kindly and gentle reproofs of the understanding Mr. Beckwith.

After graduating, Henry began his career as a planter, taking charge of and managing a small rice plantation near the school. This venture did not succeed, and after that experience his business energies were confined to sugar raising, which was infinitely more successful, as will be seen.

At twenty-one Henry began to work for his brother, who was raising sugar and selling it to a large corporation. He planned in this way to earn enough money to finance a college education. Much to his regret, however, this was never achieved, for, once entering this business, he never left it as long as he lived.

During these days at Maui, Henry had many thrilling experiences with the laborers on the plantation. Among the workers were some of the first Chinese to be imported to the islands. These, as often happens with such immigrants, turned out to be of the worst sort, including thieves, pirates, and cutthroats. Henry, however, probably because he alone among the lunas (overseers) carried no weapons and because of his ability to sympathize with laborers, came through the experience uninjured. Courage and sympathy were essential in the successful luna of those days.

In 1867 he came to America for the first time, accompanied by a friend. During his visit on the mainland, he went on an extremely difficult excursion to see the Calaveras trees. After the stage had broken down and the saddle horses had been forced to stop, he completed the journey on foot through deep snow and mountain torrents.

While in California he met his early friend and school companion, Miss Emily Whitney Alexander, who had come to the mainland to visit her relatives. Later, upon returning to the islands, they were married at Wailuku in the beautiful valley of Iao. They settled down at Sunnyside, where he and Mr. Alexander started a sugar plantation under the name of Alexander and Baldwin. From that time central Maui was Henry's home and place of business.

In order to begin the partnership it was necessary to borrow nine hundred dollars, which, although a small sum, was at that time a very serious matter. The plantation depended upon rain as there was no irrigation; and, since the rain was uncertain, there were some very grim periods when the future seemed very dark to the young man. At one time when he was particularly discouraged, it is said that he prayed to God, promising to give a share of all he should earn henceforth if He would send rain. That very night rain came, and the promise was always carefully kept.

In 1876, Henry had an accident which almost proved fatal. He had noticed that the giant rollers of the mill were not even and that they did not crush the cane on one side so much as on the other side. On that day he was alone with the engineer at the mill and was trying to show the difference in space between the two ends. He whittled a piece of wood

with which he was going to prove his point. Then throwing that aside, he slipped his fingers in between the rollers where it was widest. It barely touched his knuckles. Then he reached over and slipped his hand in where the rollers were closest. The rollers were going fast, and they caught his finger. Weighing about three tons, they crushed his arm to a pulp and ate their way almost to his shoulder before they could be stopped. He walked, with help, to the engineer's house; but, though suffering excruciating pain, he did not faint. That afternoon his arm was amputated between the elbow and shoulder. Almost at once he began to readjust his life to the loss of his arm. He learned to write with his left hand, and had an organ made with a pedal base so that he could continue to play the hymns at church. This duty he performed faithfully even when, sometimes, in a heavy storm, he and the minister were the only ones present. After this unfortunate accident he said in regard to the mill; "You have handicapped me for life. Now I am going to make you support me." This determination was rewarded and later came true to a greater degree than he had ever dreamed of.

About this time, however, the two partners had been planning to introduce irrigation to Maui. Because of the mountains situated in the central part of the island, the rain, carried by the northeast trade winds, fell on one half of Maui, which was rocky and barren, without benefiting the other side. The partners obtained permission to carry this water by means of tunnel and ditch from the gorges of East Maui to the extremely fertile but dry lands of central Maui. They obtained permission to accomplish this on the condition that they finish it before two years had elapsed. Although Henry had not wholly recovered from his accident, he plunged into this work with a zeal which was amazing. All went well until the last great obstacle, the deep gorge of Maliko, where it was necessary for the workmen to lower themselves over the cliff by rope, hand over hand, in order to lay the pipe lines. As they were afraid of the great danger involved, they refused to do it at first. Henry, seeing that something had to be done, slid down the rope, using his legs and his one arm with which he gripped and released the rope in turn, taking a fresh hold lower down. This was done with his injured arm still not completely healed and with a straight drop of one hundred feet to the rocks below! This feat of courage so shamed the laborers that they did not hesitate to follow him down the rope. Soon after this the ditch was completed, thus opening much new land to development and cultivation.

For several years after this Mr. Baldwin and his family lived very happily at Sunnyside. He was, however, almost too energetic to enjoy his home. He would rise about four o'clock in the morning, often riding for twenty-five miles before breakfast, after which he would be off again for the rest of the day. Then in the evenings he would gather his friends

around him on the lanai, and they would play music on various instruments, far into the night.

On Sundays, after prayers and breakfast, the whole family went to the old Makawao church, where they exchanged gossip and worshiped together. Then, in the afternoon, the neighbors would gather at some house for a sing, which everybody attended.

Strangely, his ability to do things and to do them well did not surprise his family. Sometimes he would take his sons on hunting trips to Olinda, and riding the high-spirited horses which he loved, he would hold the reins in his mouth and would open the heavy gates without difficulty. Often he would carry a child on the saddle in front of him, and no one ever doubted his ability to manage the business successfully. Once when one of his daughters was unable to remove a splinter from his finger, he had her hold the needle while he manoeuvred his hand so dexterously that he succeeded where she had failed.

There had been a great deal of political strife about this time between the Hawaiians and the American government. Early in the reign of Queen Liliuokalani, Henry gave a luau (feast) in her honor at which more than two thousand people were present. There was a great abundance of food, and all was eaten according to old Hawaiian fashion. The atmosphere was light-hearted and congenial as it had not been in months.

During this period, when he kept so busy, his friends tried to persuade him to take things easy. To these entreaties he would often reply: "I would rather wear out than rust out." That was his motto, and he stuck to it until the end.

In January of 1909, however, he had an attack of appendicitis from which he was barely saved. He never fully regained his health again, and two years later, he reached Maui from a visit in the States just in time to die peacefully in the land of his childhood.

Thus a truly great man died, respected and mourned by all classes of the inhabitants, not only of Maui but of the other islands as well. His determination which was so strong concerning the sugar mill was realized, and, at present, this same mill supports not only his own children, but over one hundred great-grandchildren as well.

Isabel Baldwin, Class of '47

The Comforter

To die
Should not be feared.
Death is like a soft hand,
A cool balm on a head weary
Of toil.

Sally Rounds, Class of '48

Feathers and Ferocity

OLD SOL seemed to be winking brightly at me through my window, and he was wearing the patch of blue sky above his head like a feather in his cap, as if it were all his doing, this most wonderful of wonderful things that had happened to me. Yet, what was it? My mind, bursting with the joyous import of the moment, could not contain the nucleus itself. Then, in an earth-shaking flash, I remembered my canary! I bounded out of the bed and raced down the stairs, my thoughts keeping pace with my feet. What if he had flown away? What if a cat had got him? What if he had died? The panic of my questions was soon quelled by the sight of a tiny yellow ball, balancing on a narrow wooden perch. At the sound of my tumultuous approach, a little black streaked head appeared from the ruffled mass, and two beady eyes demanded an apology for being wakened in such an impudent manner. The same saucy eyes followed me about the kitchen in my first apprehensive attempts at preparing a breakfast for him. After it was served he watched me with a perspicacious and mischievous air as he nonchalantly scraped the mash to the floor with his foot, leaving only the more piquant seeds, which he broke open with a crackle of his keen bill.

This rather sarcastic slight was only the beginning. I, at first, tasting the sweet fruits of ownership and foster motherhood, little realized that it was I, myself, who was owned. As time went on the whole family came to be ruled and dominated by Perky, as we called the crafty tyrant, whom we had misjudged to be merely impish. For instance, we were wakened at whatever hour he deemed appropriate to his particular schedule for that day, whether it was six or seven. His breakfast had to be the first served, or the most serious of consequences would follow—the furious rattling of his mettle seed cups until they would finally crash to the floor, showering the empty shells in every direction. Another of his similar retaliations, designed to punish me for forgetting a piece of crisp lettuce, was his habit of tearing into strips the gravel paper which lined the floor of his cage. He would also pull fiercely at the mettle suspension of his little swing, making a din of which the tiny creature seemed incapable. Then he took diabolical pleasure in rushing with a flurry of feathers at a human finger which happened to be innocently stuck in his cage and in picking it ruthlessly until it was withdrawn, usually in great haste.

Though I was the slave and he the master, I held no grudge against this infinitesimal dictator because of his virtues that I remember far better than his faults. For example, when I was moody and depressed, he would somehow sense my emotional state and thereupon cheer and lighten my melancholy. He would threaten to burst his throat in melodious, trilling songs of peaceful, flowering meadows, azure skies and rippling brooks,

havens of beauty and light which he, himself, had never seen, except in the dark recesses of his subconscious mind. I often wondered, as I saw him hopping about in the confines of his cruel cage while a flock of birds were flying past the open windows, whether or not the call of the wild ever racked his breast.

Because of his endearing virtues and misdemeanors, the day of his death will continue to be vivid in my mind. He remained until the last few minutes true to his name, but then, finally, for the first time in his life, he drooped and grew still. It was spring, and it seemed appropriate that his grave should be dug under the fragrant lilac bush. It was there I laid his soft, still warm body in the hard, cold earth, placed a bunch of apple blossoms at his head, and wept many a tear. Yet I think as I turned away from my dolorous task, I saw a familiar yellow streak among the trees and heard a certain blithe note.

Patty Kline, Class of '47

On Reading "Song"

By John Donne

Whence comes this plaint that all the earth
Has no creature true and fair;
And why this strange, ill-founded fancy
That there is no trust in human worth?

The sense of goodness is in you;
And when that sense is found,
There comes a power that's strong and new;
There's melody in every sound,
And happiness by no thing bound,
And beauty all around.

It's love that makes the world go round;
It's love that makes you fair and true.
If others all seem wicked,
It's not their fault; it's you.

Betty Bemis, Class of '47

My Piebald Pegasus

“OF CERTAIN supreme moments it is not easy to write.” Indeed, these words of Kenneth Grahame quite accurately express the impossibility of depicting the surging deluge of rapturous anticipation which rushed and roared through my whole being on that “day of all white days.” There was no evasion, no escape from the vertiginous effects of that fantastic, incredible promise which chanted in time with my wildly palpitating heart. “Oh-h-h, a real live Shetland pony!” Again and again it whirled and pounded against my brain. “A-pony-tomorrow-a-pony-tomorrow!”

And thus it went, my expectations soaring higher by the minute in the giddy bliss of ownership. In pure ecstasy I would drive my flaming chariot through the radiant, nebulous heavens and with the skill of Apollo soothe my dashing, prancing, winged steed. We would hurdle the rims of the rainbows and on wings of fire shoot straight up into the stratosphere, leaving the clash of hoofs far, far below.

And at the end of a perfect day, who should be chosen for the supreme honor? Who should be permitted to care for this magnificent mount? Ah, none other than I should nourish, pet, and fondle this winged Pegasus. And thus by my display of magnanimity he would soon obey me alone, defying all others.

Ah, but we mortals could not be destined to taste of such ambrosial rapture. Surely, that luminous celestial body would shatter my glorious hopes by hurtling from its orbit to crash into the sea! Some bitter consequence yet hanging in the stars would terminate my life before the dawn.

And yet despite my pessimistic predictions “the great white day” inevitably dawned, bearing my worshipped Pegasus!

Alas! Far too numerous were the instances in which I had magnified my expectations. Far too great had been my anticipations. But never had I ever imagined that this “angelic little gentleman”, as the salesman had called him, could possibly be so wily, so cunning as this sly rogue! Too late I discovered that this adorable black and white bundle of beauty was in reality a lazy, pudgy, scheming scamp with only prandial and prankish interests. I was informed that not loving devotion, as I had previously hoped, but only base bribery in the form of carrots or sugar could induce that greedy one to take the despised bridle and the ensuing detested exercise. I also learned through grim experience that no doubt if I relaxed in the saddle for an instant, I would be skillfully tossed to the turf, covered in the dust left by the saucy heels of my gluttonous gormand gaily galloping home to dinner.

Not only riding but also caring for this roly-poly roister soon became a dreaded duty. His position as master and mine as slave were often indirectly brought to my attention. Did I say indirectly? Then I am at fault,

for a swift well-placed kick on one's posterior, sending one sprawling on terra firma, is anything but indirect.

Nevertheless, the satanic impishness and wit of Pegasus proved to be the very qualities which endeared him to me, which gave me a deep respect for his heart and his heels, and finally, which will always make me regard him as my beloved authority on common sense and its advantageous uses.

Paula Young, Class of '47

On Pretending

WHY is it that we find it necessary to spend our lives pretending? Oh, let's not deny it. We all pretend, and we pretend all the time. As we grow older, our methods of making believe also mature; they become increasingly subtle, but who can deny their existence? The child dresses up and pretends to be different; the adult dons a mask and pretends to feel different.

We see pretenses occurring every day everywhere—at school, in stores, at home. Sometimes we are aware of the pretense; sometimes we are not. At school it is difficult to tell the genuine from the non-genuine. Only a true friend would be apt to give her real opinion of a theme you had written if she did not like your style, or your choice of subject, or your diction. She would fear losing your friendship if she voiced disapproval of what you felt to be a literary masterpiece, a masterpiece for you, anyway. In public places, such as department stores, it is easier to be a judge. Any experienced veteran of war-time shopping knows that when a saleslady beams approvingly upon you as you stand dejectedly clothed in a green and purple plaid dress her beam does not always issue from her heart. At home you know your family well enough so that you can usually tell the difference. If your father says that he detests music other than opera and waltzes, you can easily tell that what he means is that he feels he ought to disapprove, whether he really does or not.

We realize only too well the existence of pretense in the world of radio, newspaper, and politics. Who of us can believe every promise made by the election candidate who has a reputation for being willing to do anything to secure a position in public life? He knows that he is pretending, and the voter knows that he is pretending, but he continues to pretend. In radio one finds more pretense than anywhere else. The dramas are pretense; the commercials are pretense. It just is not logical to think that every brand of soap is the only one that will keep you from sneezing and having dishpan hands!

Why is it that we all pretend? One reason is that we like to keep up appearances, sometimes to ourselves and sometimes to others. If we did not pretend to ourselves, we should lack self-confidence and self-respect.

We must keep telling ourselves that we are capable of doing the job at hand if we wish to be capable of doing it. If we did not pretend to the people about us that we were in a calm state of mind, regardless of how upset we happened to be, it would agitate them and make them upset too. Today there are in the world countless mothers, sisters, and wives of men who died in battle. The chances are that it is only with difficulty that someone unaware of the circumstances can realize the situation upon meeting one of them. In order to keep their peace of mind, they have had to pretend to themselves and to others that life is still worth living. Without this pretense they would soon find that they were mere shells containing memories of the past and despair of the future.

Another reason for our pretending is the intense desire to avoid being an outcast. Every school girl dresses in conformity with the current mode because she knows that if she should wear her sweater tucked inside her skirt when it is the fashion to wear it outside, she would be considered an outsider, the most dreaded thing she could be. If she wants to keep within a certain group, she knows that she must appear to like every girl in that group. In order to keep on good terms with her friends, she must say that she likes Van Johnson and cannot sit still through a symphony. These are some of the worst forms of pretense, because they keep true democracy outside a closed door, but they are forms that it would be very difficult to destroy.

Pretense has several bad qualities, especially if it is over-used. We recognize in a person who is given to pretending constantly a lack of genuineness. It becomes increasingly difficult to be able to discern the difference between his false and true emotions. When pretense becomes a habit, it establishes a feeling of uncertainty in the pretender. He is never quite sure what he really wants and how he really feels, because he has played a part too often.

Pretense has many good qualities, too. It is a great aid in trying to find happiness for ourselves and for others. The man who never pretends, who tells a person whom he dislikes that he dislikes him, who does not try to hide his personal grievances, is not a happy man. He finds himself obliged to become a hermit because he has no friends. But the man who pretends when pretense can prevent unnecessary unpleasantness or when it can help to make himself or someone else happier finds that he is not alone against the world and that happiness is not an unattainable goal.

Our emotions have a great effect upon the thinking and acting of those around us. The sooner we realize this the better, and the sooner we stop playing upon the emotions of others for selfish reasons and start doing what we can to make things a little easier for them, whether through pretense or true feelings, the happier we shall be ourselves.

Sallie Colwell, Class of '47

The Creation of Man

THE GENTLE SLOPES shone in the warm sunshine. On all of them daisies grew, nodding their heads wisely as the summer breeze swept lightly through their pure petals, and after the last tiny breeze had thrilled the small heads, the very smallest chimed, "Yes, we knew. Wind whispered it to us as he passed."

Far off in the meadow an old oak stood. Small, crystal drops splashed gaily upon the deep green leaves. Every drop was like a bit of silver laughter from heaven, and when the last small drop had laughed its last, the old oak rustled its leaves and said, "I know too. Summer rain laughed it to me."

Down the beaten path galloped the proud horses with nostrils flaring wide. The dust swirled around their flying feet. A shrill whinny from the bay split the air. "The horses know. Dust has pounded it into our galloping hoofs."

Something was in the air. Something had made the whole of creation alive with a surging energy. What was this thing? Even now a song swelled from every being on earth. "We know, we know, we know", it sang as it pumped itself into the very core of the earth.

Now the song was louder, more distinct in its urgency, its vitality. Rain and wind crooned a slumber song. The flying feet of the horses drummed the stirring roll of a mighty battle song. The daisies spoke of love, and the oak, of courage. The dust swelled a song of eternity. There, underneath the blue heavens, lay a most precious gift. Man had come to the world.

Janet Nutt, Class of '49

A Hymn to Apollo

Oh! Phoebus Apollo, god of the sun,
Keep sheathed thy arrows of pestilence and plague.
The world is sick, as if thy radiant chariot
Had once again been driven by Phaethon.
There is a need of thee, Apollo Paeon,
And thy priceless gift of healing.

Oh! Apollo, father of Aesculapius,
Release the music of thy golden lyre
In company with the muses nine,
So, as you speed through the endless sky,
Happiness and good cheer will abound behind.

Dorothy Benton, Class of '49

The Black Key to My Heart

AT THE Hathaway Brown Carnival, a black cocker spaniel puppy was one of the objects raffled off in the lottery. Windy was his appellation, and charming young and old alike was his immediate although unintentional profession. Upon seeing him for the first time, and indeed at every subsequent time, I felt my heart and mind go winging back over the years to the time not too long ago when I was the proud possessor of a three months old black cocker.

I was on our place in the country the first time I saw her. The farmer who lived across the road came over and wanted to know if I should like to see the latest offspring of his cocker, Lassie, in the barn. I hurried over and found, to my delight, a litter of five black puppies zealously guarded by their mother. Immediately I wanted one. It took three months to convince my mother that she also desired one; and by that time, Cindy, as I had already named my choice, was ready to leave her family.

I found, however, that my troubles were just beginning when I got her home. It was ordained that she should sleep in the basement; however she not only was extremely homesick but also felt her dormitory was much too damp and dreary. We were informed of these sentiments in no uncertain terms. It has been and always will be one of the great mysteries of the universe as to how a puppy of such infinitesimal size can make so much noise. I longed to go down and console her, but I knew she would be better off if I left her alone.

As the days passed and Cindy became used to human mannerisms and companionship, she began to climb into our hearts by a few additional ways and means, aside from those with which every puppy is naturally endowed. I do not mean to imply that she was spoiled or pampered; but when she looked at us with those big brown eyes as though she were saying, "Please don't make me move; I'm so comfortable," it was hard to make her descend from the best chair to a lowly place on the rug. In the beginning I thought it would be better if she were fed after the family so that some scraps from our dinner could be included in her meal; but I soon found that she would worry herself, and incidentally her human associates, into a nervous breakdown, wondering whether or not she would ever be fed. As I have mentioned before, she was relegated to the basement every night to catch up on her beauty sleep. As she grew older, and more important, housebroken, I became accustomed to sneaking her upstairs to sleep with me. This practice was continued even after parental discovery, for some strange and unexplainable reason; and it certainly made bedtime an interesting, if perplexing, occasion. As I had twin beds in my room, we decided to place a special blanket for Cindy on the vacant bed for the dual purpose of keeping my blankets clean and giving me room for my feet.

But was she content with this ingenious arrangement? No, indeed! As soon as she supposed me to be asleep, with all the stealth of an arch criminal she would sneak over and lie down across any accessible part of my anatomy. This soon developed into a little game of endurance known as, "Sleep, sleep, are you asleep?" There was never a dull moment when she was around.

At the beginning of summer vacation, when she was about nine months old, the real joy of our companionship began. Then I really had time to train her to do all the things a truly well-bred dog should do, such as walk respectably on a leash, obey a few small commands, and learn simple tricks. I was amazed at her eagerness and the rapidity with which she learned. I also taught her to keep well away from the street when we were out walking, and I soon was able to take her out minus a leash. She was an ideal companion in quieter moments. When I wanted to read, usually she would either crawl into my lap or lie down at my side and go to sleep. She taught me a great deal about responsibility, too; for she was solely in my care, and if I forgot to feed her or give her her daily brushing, it was I who had to suffer the consequences. She was very sensitive, and I could tell immediately when she was angry or hurt. I couldn't hide under the bed as she could when the tables were turned.

All good things must eventually come to an end. I had to leave her for a few weeks when our family took their annual vacation in Canada, and during that time she was run over by a carelessly driven automobile and killed. I am glad that I was not there when the accident happened, for when I came back everything was just as it had been before she had entered our life. All I had were the wonderful memories of good times we had had together and the companionship she had brought to me. I hope the girl who won Windy in the raffle loves and enjoys her puppy as much as I did mine.

Frances Richey, Class of '47

The Tyrant

The wind,
In wild vengeance
Whips through deserted streets,
And then, at last, its fury spent,
It dies.

Diane Wilson, Class of '48

Jackpot

The crowds were gathered there that day;
The bleachers were all filled with gay
And sportive people, there to see
A polo game with gaiety.

The horses shone with curried hides.
Their grooms and riders there beside
Were talking, mumbling, planning out
Sure plays to win this important bout.

The time was near. When on the track
The riders mounted, grooms fell back,
And with triumphant, prancing gait
The horses went in noble state.

The whistle had blown, and the game had begun.
Both teams were determined the bout would be won.
The horses were galloping down toward our goal;
We knew they had scored as we watched the ball roll.

Our team was incited to greater than fury;
We swept down the field with the ball in a hurry;
And Jackpot, our champion, was well in the lead.
Our first goal was scored by that glorious steed.

Six more of the periods came and went by;
The score was the same. "Make a goal!" was the cry.
The end of the seventh came; still one to one.
The crowd had grown tense now; the game nearly done.

Then suddenly they took the ball from our men
And shot it straight down toward our goal . . . when
Our Jackpot shot up, and he knocked the ball out.
His rider turned Jackpot around with a shout.

But as he turned round to follow the ball,
He tripped on his leg and it seemed he would fall.
His foreleg was broken with a sickening crack,
But Jackpot ran on without even a slack.

The crowd was struck dumb. Then they shouted in horror,
"Stop the horse! Stop the horse! Don't make it run more."
But Jackpot ran on; and the rider alert
To the game, did not know his horse had been hurt.

Though suffering great pain, our valiant steed
Ran on and with one stroke put us in the lead.
The whistle then blew, and the game we had won.
What we thought impossible Jackpot had done.

Isabel Baldwin, Class of '47

The Puzzle of the Worm

Oh little worm with softly golden skin,
Oft have I wondered which end is your head.
Where does your saucy little self begin?
And which end snores whenever you're in bed?
How does your mama know which end to feed?
And which to spank when junior has been bad?
And as you gaily creep at carefree speed,
Do you know which way you're going, little lad?
Do you take much time from pleasures, little friend,
To engage in honest thinking or reflection?
And in your simple heart, do you pretend
For some small worm, to feel a slight affection?
And when you're cut in two in some mad fray,
Which half is you that slithers on its way?

Diane Wilson, Class of '48

Blind Victory

Peace!
Stained with bloody fingers
Of those who died
In body or in soul
For you;
Thrust into the aching void—
Tomb of emptiness and tears—
Of a war-torn, doubting world;
Hailed with hollow cries of meaningless joy,
Heralding a world of discontent and strife—
Peace!
If this be our victory,
Was the price too great?
Or do men see your glory,
As they die that you may live,
Hovering above the conquered foe,
Quivering and beaten?
Can they thus fail to know you,
For whom they gave their lives?

Barbara Malm, Class of '46

The Children Who Found Christmas

FOR DAYS now Susan had been telling Little Brother about Christmas. That is, she told him all she knew, which was not so very much. She did know something about the Christmas baby and some angels. Mother said it happened long ago, even before old Miss Delly was a baby. Nowadays there was Christmas too in the "better" sections of town, where the people were not so crowded, but it seemed that if you lived where Susan lived, Christmas did not find you. Things were too noisy and confused. Susan often thought that Christmas must be afraid to come where the streets were so dark and narrow.

Out on the fire escape, huddled under a moth-eaten blanket, Susan held her brother close and once again told him all she knew about the beautiful Christmas story. Miss Delly was with Mother now and had said they had better go out for a while.

"Will Christmas come here?" Little Brother asked, as he tried to snuggle a bit closer.

"I don't believe it will come here," spoke Susan. "I think it's afraid to come down here where it is so scary."

Little Brother could well understand that, for when he and Susan had gone on an errand late at night, he had been almost afraid to come home.

"Could we go find it somewhere else?" he asked.

"Maybe we could," said Susan. "I don't know just where to look, but we could hunt for it." Anyway, it was too cold to sit on the fire-escape any longer, so they set forth to try to find Christmas.

After keeping close to the wall, so as not to be seen, they finally emerged out on the street, when Little Brother questioned, "Where will we look?"

"Mother said the first Christmas was in a barn," replied Susan. "Let's stop at Tony's stable. We might find it there."

"And maybe we'll see his horse again," added Little Brother.

Tony was in the stable, and a light shone through the window. He saw them as soon as they came inside. It was warm there and smelled of clean hay. Tony's stable was always clean. He loved animals and took splendid care of Molly, his horse, who, in turn, pulled the fruit wagon for him.

"Come in; come in," called Tony. "You wanta to see something fine? It's a Christmas Eve, eh? Come and see what I gotta here!"

Tony led the way into Molly's stall, around which were hung old sacks and a blanket. With a broad smile he pushed aside the blanket to let them peep in.

There in the stall beside Molly lay a tiny, long-legged colt. Molly was sniffing at it affectionately as they entered the small enclosure.

"Oh! isn't it cute!" exclaimed Susan.

"Is it Christmas?" inquired Little Brother.

Tony slapped his knee and cried, "That is a it! I wondered whatta da name should be! Molly, your baby's name is a Christmas!"

There was absolutely no use in trying to make Tony understand that this was not the Christmas they were hunting, so Susan and Little Brother went out again into the cold evening and turned toward the brightness of the uptown section.

Susan stopped to pull Little Brother's worn scarf up about his ears, for the night was a crisp one. There was a big market on a corner where many people came to buy. Tonight five cars stood outside waiting while ladies in furs made purchases for the Christmas dinner. Oranges were stacked in huge piles, and there were many apples, grapefruits, lemons, bananas, and divers fruits they could not even name. They watched a man buying oranges, a great load of them, which the store clerk put into big brown paper bags—so many oranges they could not help but stare at the man as he came out.

"Hello!" he said cheerfully. He said it to Susan and Little Brother. "Like oranges? Here!" and he thrust one out to each of them and then was swallowed up by the crowd.

"Oh, Lookit!" exclaimed Little Brother. "Is this Christmas?"

"A piece of it, maybe", laughed Susan. "Hold it tight, or you'll lose it."

Just then they heard the big bells in the church begin to ring. They rang slowly back and forth, chiming a tune of the joy and happiness that belongs with Christmas.

"We might find Christmas there," said Susan, as they listened to the pealing of the bells. "Let's go to the big church and see."

"Could we go inside?" asked Little Brother hopefully.

"I don't know, but if it's Christmas, I think it will be all right."

The bells were still ringing when they came to the steps leading up to the church. Little Brother stumbled and nearly lost his orange as he tried to see the bells swinging, but they were too far away.

They crept inside, and at first the church seemed dark. Soon they could see, way up in front, a bright light. There was lovely music; voices were singing heart-warming carols.

Just then three men in long, exquisite robes, carrying odd jars, brushed past Susan and Little Brother. They walked slowly down the aisle.

"What are they doing?" questioned Little Brother in a loud voice.

"Shh", whispered a lady in a near-by pew. "This is Christmas. They are taking their gifts to the altar, and later they will be given to the needy. Everybody gives gifts on Christmas."

Nobody noticed Susan lean over to whisper something to the small boy standing beside her, nor did anyone see them hold their oranges as had the Wise Men their gifts and start down the aisle. The church was darkened. The only light came from above the manger scene. When they reached the steps and went slowly, hand in hand, to the manger, no one wondered. It seemed to be a part of the beautiful Christmas story.

Susan and Little Brother looked at the lambent angels, at Mary in her soft blue dress, at Joseph standing protectingly behind her, and at the manger. The light from the manger shone on their wondering faces. Then Little Brother laid his orange beside the Wise Men's gifts, and Susan put hers there also. Then they turned and went back the way they had come.

"It *was* Christmas, wasn't it?" queried Little Brother, when they were again outside.

"Oh, yes!" answered Susan, "We found Christmas."

Mary McFarlane, Class of '49

Poet's Soul

All the unwritten beauty,
All the grotesque and strange,
All the splendid, all the plain
Are felt in my soul's range.

There is the night with every star
Ablaze and gleaming from afar.
I hear a heavenly rhapsody,
Angel music, all for me.
I see the moon and sadly sigh
That it is so distant, up so high.
I feel a mighty majesty,
Ebbing, swelling, invisibly.

There is all the blood, all the pain
That have been shed and lost in vain.
I hear a cry not of this world,
And hidden lands are then unfurled.
I see the face and death of one
Who gave his life so war be done.
I feel a soldier's groping hand
Who gave his eyes to save his land.

There is nature full of wonder,
There is lightning; there is thunder.
I hear a bird's song from on high
And watch a bubbling brook go by.
I see a meadow full in bloom,
The fruit of Mother Nature's womb.
I feel the spring-time in the air,
And gladness comes because I am there.

There is the church, and there is God.
Humans tread where saint's have trod.
I hear a hymn, and my heart sings,
Thinking of the joy it brings.
I see a shrine of man's devotion,
And my heart fills with deep emotion.
I feel the presence of my God,
Who spareth all from Satan's rod.

There is the sea, a tumult wild,
By man constantly defiled.
I hear the lightning and the gale
Setting up a long, weird wail.
I see a vessel tossed and drowned,
To one hundred fathoms downed.
I feel the pounding of the surf,
Eating of the earth's last turf.

There is the world and all its parts,
Throbbing with two billion hearts.
I hear a wild song sung carefree
By a drunken, dark gypsy.
I see all creeds and every race,
Here and there a coal-black face.
I feel the pulse of love and life,
Victors over darkest strife.

All the unwritten beauty,
All the grotesque and strange,
All the splendid, all the plain
Are felt in my soul's range.

Janet Nutt, Class of '49

A Turning Point in My Life

I SHALL never forget what I acquired by knowing him. He was a very important part of my earliest memories. My first reminiscence is that of a kindly man taking my hand and leading me through a blur of strange faces to the solitary security of my own room. He was never too tired to let me crawl into his lap, and while I settled myself comfortably with my head pressed against his chest, he would tell me fascinating stories of handsome princes who slew evil ogres to win the hand of a fair maiden. This kindly, good-natured man was my grandfather.

I looked forward expectantly to Sundays, for it was on Sunday that Grandfather visited our house. He placed himself entirely at my disposal for the day, and I think he gained as much pleasure from those afternoons we spent together as I did. Most of all I shall never forget one Sunday when my sister and I were engaged in a childish pastime, and an argument ensued. I hastened in to find my grandfather to settle this dispute. He told us to sit down and to tell him what the dissension was. My sister began to speak first, but I interrupted her rudely and began my dissertation.

"Be quiet, both of you", Grandfather exclaimed. "Now, Nancy, because you are older, it is only fair that your sister be allowed to speak first."

When Peggy had finished her side of the disagreement, he asked for my account. After he had listened calmly and patiently to each argument, he commenced to speak. He talked for only a very short time, but in those few minutes he taught me a lesson I shall not soon forget. "Do not be hasty in your decisions," he said, "and above all do not be influenced by your personal feelings. Judge everything fairly. Remember a sense of fairness is the foundation stone of a good character."

My grandfather never broke a promise. He possessed that rare gift in an adult of realizing how important a promise is to a child. I can recall that I had never been to the circus, and my grandfather had promised to take me on a Monday afternoon. I was ineffably thrilled by the hilarious clowns, the performing elephants, and the daring trapeze artists. But it was not until several years later that I discovered to what extent Grandfather had gone to keep his word. The year he accompanied me to the circus was the same year that Franklin Roosevelt was elected to the presidency. It was during the depression, and Roosevelt had declared a bank holiday. My grandfather's whole business fortune was tied up in the Union Trust, and the outcome of the bank holiday might have changed his entire future life. Although so many more important things were at stake, he took me to the circus because it was not in his code of ethics to break a promise.

Grandfather had a keen sense of values, which he continually wished me to acquire. Once, as a special treat he took me to Cedar Point, but while we were on the boat, I became much more interested in the intricacies of the slot-machines than the picturesqueness of the passing scenery. If, he reasoned, he could not make me appreciate nature, this was an opportune moment to teach me a valuable lesson. He gave me five coins, saying that I could either spend them at the slot-machines or save them to buy something I desired at Cedar Point. But he would give me no more money. Childishly I thought that I could double my money by investing it in the slot-machines and then buy twice as much at Cedar Point. I was sadly mistaken, for I lost all the coins in the machine. Broken-heartedly I turned to my grandfather with a questioning, almost pleading look in my eyes. The money he had given me now belonged to a "one-armed bandit". He turned, and without reprimanding or scolding me he told me why one should never throw money away foolishly. He said that one should learn not only the true value of money but also the true value of everything in life.

His sense of devotion made a strong impression upon my mind. I realize now how deeply he loved us and how his entire life centered in his family. At Christmas time he gave my sister and me each a Christmas tree. If anyone spoke uncomplimentary or sarcastic remarks about some member of the family, Grandfather was the first to reproach him. He believed in loyalty to one's kin, and he taught me that tattling was babyish.

The great turning point in my life was the day he died. My mother tried as gently as she could to tell me. But I could not believe it. I could still see his kindly figure bending over me; I could still hear his low voice talking to me—sometimes consoling, sometimes reprimanding, but always talking sagaciously; I could still feel the rough cloth of his suit against my face as I lay curled up in his lap. Try as I might to struggle against unavoidable fact, it was useless; and I finally accepted his death with all the wisdom of my twelve years.

What I gained from my grandfather is limitless. When I am faced with a difficult situation, I stop to consider what Grandfather would have done. He has taught me the true meaning of fairness, honesty, and devotion. I shall not soon forget his philosophy of living.

Nancy Luckiesh, Class of '47

The Sandpiper

ONCE UPON A TIME, in a land near the sea, lived the lovely maiden, Sandra. She was the possessor of a strange, fascinating beauty. Her father gave her everything she wanted, and she was wooed by many suitors. None of these things pleased her, however, and she accepted her father's gifts politely with insincere expressions of gratitude, for they did not mean anything to her. Nor did her suitors. They were to her merely people who were wasting their efforts, and she patiently explained to each one that she did not intend to marry until she had found her true love. She took a polite interest in things, but her father was worried.

There was only one thing that she really loved to do. She took a mysterious delight in walking up and down on the windswept beach beside the pounding surf as if she were waiting for something, though she knew not what. She would wander hour upon hour, back and forth, over the sand, her white robes whipping about her and her long brown hair twisting wildly in the wind. There was a magnetic thing there which drew her to this place, something intangible which she loved.

One day, as Sandra was walking on the beach, she stopped suddenly, startled. The magnetic force was almost overpowering. Then a brilliant light appeared and dissolved as quickly as it had come. But there in its place stood the most handsome young man she had ever seen. He was fair and blond, and his toga billowed about him in the forceful wind, disclosing his feet, upon which were winged shoes. This could be none other than Mercury, the messenger of the gods, disguised in the toga of a king's son.

A wave of uncertainty surged over Sandra. Then she knew. This was the thing that had attracted her to the beach. He had been here all the time in the form of a fierce wind, and Sandra was in love with him.

He spoke, and his voice rang out over the vastness of the beach. "Lovely Sandra, for months I have watched you flitting restlessly over the sand, searching for the key to your happiness. Ever since I first saw you, I have been deeply in love with you, and now I have come to declare my love."

He continued. "If you will consent, Jupiter will grant me permission to marry you on one condition. He has entrusted to me this golden coin which I am to give to you, and as long as it is safe in our possession, I shall be able to come to you. If you keep this coin safe for one year, at the end of that time I shall carry you to Mount Olympus as my wife, where you will become immortal. But if the coin is lost, we shall be separated forever."

So saying, he placed in her hand a small, gleaming golden coin. Again the brilliant light enveloped him, and he was gone.

Every day after that Mercury would come to her on the beach, and they would spend several happy hours together until he was required to return to his duties. Sandra would return to her father's palace in bliss, and she was now a happy, seemingly normal person, content and satisfied with life.

Her father was overjoyed to see the decided change, and his mind was at ease. Life was wonderful from then on for the King and his daughter, and he gave festivals, invited guests to the palace, and everyone was welcome. Sandra proved that she was actually a charming young woman.

There was one thing, however, that disturbed her father. Sandra refused to stay at home during the afternoon, for she would leave for the beach and would remain until evening.

This went on for a year, and on the last day Sandra met Mercury as usual. They parted with great joy, for they knew that upon the following day they would be together for eternity. She became tense and excited, and she went early the next morning to the beach. Mercury would be there soon to take her away.

Then a sudden fear seized her. What would happen if she did not have the coin? But it was there in her hand. Perhaps he would not come. Just then she felt his presence, and she became so sure that all was well that she held the coin out, as if to show it triumphantly to her friend, the wind. It dropped from her hand into the sands.

She fell to her knees in a frantic search for it. Her senses told her that Mercury was very near, and suddenly he appeared.

Sandra tearfully told him what had happened, and he sorrowfully tried to comfort her. He promised her that he would come to her every day in the form of a strong wind and that if she ever found the coin, their original dreams would be fulfilled. She promised to search forever until she found it.

He left her standing on the beach where he had found her, tears streaming down her lovely face.

She was seized with an insatiable desire to find the coin, and she refused to leave this place which she loved and hated equally, continuing her hopeless search, spurred on by the violent wind.

It was impossible for a mortal to endure the endless task, never pausing nor resting, and because of her devotion, the gods of Olympus took pity upon her and changed her into a sandpiper so that she could continue her search in peace, accompanied by the wind.

To this day the sandpiper wanders up and down the beach, digging in the sand. The little brown and white bird seems to delight in letting the caressing wind ruffle her feathers. She wails her laments in a long, low tone. Perhaps some day she will again find her happiness.

Nancy McArthur, Class of '49

Plane Crash

“**L**OOK at the smoke, Garnet!” I called to my sister as I ran up the hill behind our Cape Cod house. I ran and ran, up and down hills, catching my hair on bushes, cutting my legs on brambles, falling into holes, and then, there it was! A Navy hell cat had crashed!

Someone ran up to me, I didn't know who. “Here”, he said, “take this”, and he gave me an Indian hand pump. I started squirting water on the edges of the fire and then on some flaming white metal until it turned to smouldering ashes.

I looked at the sky. There it was, a white parachute floating down. Someone else saw it, too, for the ambulance went tearing into the woods, knocking down small trees and bushes. Somewhere in the distance I heard someone say, “Need a refill?” That was the person I wanted to see, because my pump was empty.

All the time I was thinking, “Where is the other parachute?” but it never came.

The ambulance was back, and the poor pilot was safe except for some fractured ribs and a broken collar-bone.

Men were running all around us with fire hose, and while we were helping them fight the fire, we found the answer to why there was no second parachute—the remains of the radio man, a sight I shall never forget.

Navy men were taking pictures and asking questions. They asked my name and where I lived and made me promise I wouldn't tell anyone at home about the crash and what I had seen. Later some of my friends had letters returned to them that had been censored by the Navy at our town post office. Because they had said something about the crash, they weren't allowed to go through.

During the excitement someone turned the fire hose in my direction, and missing the spot he was aiming for, hit me square in the seat of the blue jeans I had on. It almost knocked me over.

My share of the work was done, I guess, because someone made me sit down, and the nurse from the ambulance brought me a cup of hot coffee which I was too tired to drink. The nurse came again to dress a burn on my leg. I hadn't known I had it. I was then allowed to get some souvenirs. Then I was taken home in the ambulance, a ride I always thought I would enjoy, but I was too exhausted to enjoy anything then. Finally, when I reached home, I was put to bed for the rest I really needed and thoroughly enjoyed.

Betty Morris, Fourth Preparatory

What a Night!

ONE night we were playing baseball at camp when a storm broke over the lake. Immediately we ran to our tent and tried to tie down the tent flaps, but they had shrunk so that all our pulling and tugging wouldn't get them down. Giving it up and thinking the rain wouldn't last long, we went to the main cabin and started a game of ping-pong. It kept right on raining, and when bed time came, it was really pouring. While lightning lit our way and thunder crashed overhead, we ran to our tent.

Our tent was situated right at the bottom of a hill, which was very unfortunate that night because the water gurgled down the hill and ran through one side of our tent and out the other.

Tired and wet, we climbed into bed, grumbling at the weather.

"Oh, my bed is pied!" Yes, my bed was pied, and at the bottom of the short sheet I plunged my feet into tooth paste, sand, and a tree toad! That night there was little sleep for me between a pied bed and wet pajamas.

When I did get to sleep, it was about twelve-thirty, and the storm kept on. At two o'clock there was a thundering crash outside the tent that woke all up. Running outside in the pouring rain, we found lightning had struck a tree that was lying in front of the tent and on the main road. We realized that if we didn't clear it away then we would have to do it in the morning during inspection time. So after an hour of pulling and tugging, chopping, and cutting, we removed the tree with one saw, two hatchets, six flashlights, and our aching backs and hands. It was still raining when we retired for the second time.

Somebody had hidden the rising bell, so we didn't get up till eleven o'clock, and then there were blankets to dry in the sun and worst of all, inspection. We swept and we cleaned and we scrubbed and rubbed until we thought we might be able to pass. The funny thing about it was that every tent got a ten, the highest mark, and that terrible night was over.

Mary Sue Powell, Third Preparatory

The Enchantments of Spring

When birds do warble their sweet pleasure
'Mid budding trees to which they wing,
In our hearts we find rich treasure,
In the enchantments of the spring.

Nancy Stewart, Second Preparatory

Violets

The violets poke their sleepy heads,
From covers of their winter beds.
They smile and nod and shake with glee
Another early spring to see.

Nancy Stewart, Second Preparatory

Spring

The dogwood's barking on the tree,
The pussywillow meows at me.
The early bird has caught his worm,
And spring begins another term.

Nancy Stewart, Second Preparatory

Posies

The daffodils are nodding
Their pretty little heads,
The buttercups are rising
From their lowly earthen beds.
The sweet, happy daisies
Are opening their eyes.
And the fragrant spring rain
Is falling from the skies.

Patsy Ireland, Second Preparatory

Spring Arrives

The dirty houses wash their faces,
The horses are being groomed for races.
Women are buying Easter bonnets,
And girls and boys are writing sonnets.

The heavy frost came and ran its fingers
On the newly budding lilac at my door.
I wish that winter would go away,
And never come any more.

Susan Brand, Second Preparatory

In The Fish Bowl

(WRITTEN ABOUT A PICTURE)

YOUNG JASPER, or Jappy, as his kindergarten pals called him, was sitting in the library of his aunt's home, looking wistfully at an enormous goldfish swimming around in an over-sized fish bowl. Jasper's mother was having tea with his aunt. Jasper had been told to run along and amuse himself but was not succeeding.

Jappy was saying to himself, "How I wish I were no bigger than my little finger. Then this goldfish would be a whale to me. I would jump on his back and we would sail to the bottom of the sea."

Then it happened! The fish opened his mouth and pressed it to the glass of the bowl. Jappy distinctly heard the goldfish say, "Why don't you try it?" Jappy decided he would. He stood on the stool by the table, held his nose, closed his eyes, and jumped.

When he opened his eyes he was sitting on the fish's back and was only as big as his little finger had been. Immediately the fish dived nose downward. Jappy was surprised to see open-fronted apartment houses made of coral. They came to one room which must have been the breakfast room, for there sat two fish in high chairs with bibs tied around their necks, drinking their milk.

"Why," said Jasper, "that's the way I used to eat before I went to kindergarten!"

"Naturally," said the fish a bit disdainfully, "they are too young to be in school."

Jappy and the fish dived down still farther until they came to a mermaid sitting on a rock looking rather sorrowfully at her tail.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Jappy.

"Oh," said the fish, "she probably has to sit outside the school because she hasn't learned to play her scales."

"Why," said Jasper, "this isn't very different from life at home."

At that the fish turned around and looked at Jappy. A great bubble came out of his mouth and enveloped Jappy. It carried him slowly up to the surface of the water where it burst, and Jappy found himself in the library, looking at the fish bowl. He heard his aunt say, "What a quiet boy you have!"

"Yes," said his mother, "he usually amuses himself quite nicely."

Barbara Bergstrom, Second Preparatory

Activities





President Joan Thompson

Student Council

BEHIND the closed door of room two has sat the mysterious and awesome Student Council, conscientiously trying to find some solution or plan that would eliminate every flaw in student government. Problems concerning study halls, locker rooms, halls, and even gum chewing have been discussed behind the closed portal, often seriously and often with a laugh. Though time has proved our fallibility, the experience of setting down rules and privileges in running student government has been revealing and educational. Our worries and fun have been shared sympathetically by Mrs. Owen, who never has failed to be of help in advising and encouraging us. Our heartfelt thanks to a wonderful friend and consultant, and may next year's Council have as much fun in carrying out their duties as we have had this year.



Editor Barbara Malm

Specularia Board

WITHIN these covers we have endeavored to preserve the unforgettable impressions which have made Hathaway Brown dear to our hearts. The memories of diligent study, precious friendship, and hilarious fun are thus immortalized for us to review nostalgically in future years. We have gathered samples of the outstanding literary achievements of every class, including the Raymond Short Story Prize and the Poetry Prize; and we have caught with the camera's eye glimpses of school activities and fun. We wish to express our sincere gratitude to all those who have contributed material to *Specularia* and especially to our generous advertisers. To Miss Bruce go our heartfelt thanks for the humor and enthusiasm with which she has guided our efforts.



Editor Sallie Colwell

The *Review*

THROUGHOUT the school year of 1945-46 the H.B.S. *Review* has been our exclusive brain child, a source of never-ending worry and pride. We have tried to live up to the standard set by our predecessors by putting into each edition our whole-hearted effort. As in previous years, the contents have included school news; reviews of traditional events; editorials; letters to the editor; class news; reviews of the latest books, movies, fashions, and records; jokes; and the ever popular gossip column. We have also made several additions: interviews with some of our talented parents; "The Awful Truth", Jocelyn France's humorous column; and "The Girls of the Month", thumbnail sketches of the outstanding members of each class.

There have been times when the *Review* has seemed to be one of our biggest headaches; it is rather trying to be faced with two columns of blank space for which there is no material. But in spite of our laments when Hathaway Brown was hyphenated by mistake, we have loved every minute of it. Besides affording us an opportunity to use our wits and be creative, the *Review* has been a source of unending fun to us during this year, and it is with reluctance that we hand it over to our successors. Best of luck to you, Class of '48!



President Lois Chase

The Athletic Association

WITH regret the Athletic Association closes another chapter in its records of games won and lost. The Class of '47 won the volleyball championship. Our hockey season was unfortunately cut short by weather conditions, but not before we had a chance to participate in the Laurel Play Day. We compensated for hockey by having a very complete and exciting basketball season. Our class teams defeated Shaker and except for the Senior team, Laurel, too. In our intramural competition, the Juniors captured the championship, and Charlene Christopher skillfully won the basket shooting contest. An all-star team was chosen by the class first teams, and it succeeded in defeating Mercyhurst Seminary from Erie, Pennsylvania, and in ending the season by triumphing over a faculty-alumnae team.

As *Specularia* goes to press, the Council proudly looks back on its successfully sponsored ski trip to Allegeny State Park and looks forward to the spring season with battles for the ping pong, badminton, archery, tennis, and baseball championships.

With hearty thanks to the Council and all who have made this year of sports one of the most interesting ever, we offer our wishes for the continued success of athletics at Hathaway Brown.



President Joan Zell

The Dramatic Club

THE smell of dust and grease paint—the thin slices of scenery and dangling ropes—the hurrying figures and shouting voices—the five minutes of tension spent in nervous anticipation—and then—the last and final call: “Curtain going up!”

This is what the Dramatic Club of 1946 has gone through time and again this year. But it has been fun, and we only hope that our audiences have received some snatch of enjoyment and inspiration or have experienced a momentary lift into other lands.

Our dramatic accomplishments this year have been numerous. The Seniors gave most successful performances both in the Carnival play and in the Senior play, *The Imaginary Invalid*, by Molière. The Juniors and Freshmen also displayed their talents in *The Ring of General Macias* and *Elmer and the Lovebug*, representing both the serious and the light types of drama.

Well, good luck, Dramatic Club of 1947, may you give many fine plays and enjoy your tasks as thoroughly as we have enjoyed ours.



President Jane Fischer

Glee Club

AS THIS school year draws to a close, we look back to many merry events of the Glee Club under the competent and patient supervision of our new music teacher, Miss Peterson. The Thanksgiving program was our first shaky attempt before an audience, but by the Christmas program we had much more confidence and felt more at ease. Besides the morning chapel program, we took parts of nuns in the Christmas play, and we raised our voices in serious strains. We then turned from the sublime to the sweet and gay when we sang in our annual concert with University School (the favorite performance of all the members, I might add). By the time April 27 rolled around, we were quite relaxed before the critical faces before us, and we thoroughly enjoyed singing. Now that we at last feel completely at home in the Glee Club, we find that this festive and musical year is over.



	First Semester	Second Semester
President.....	Jocelyn France	Arrial Seelye
Council Member.....	Margaret Reid	Sally Schrom

Class of '47

BY DINT of hard work and perseverance we, the Class of '47, have completed a successful year. This success is due partly to individual efforts, partly to the class interest shown in school activities, and partly to the generous contribution of time and guidance on the part of our faculty advisors and other teachers.

We are proud of our accomplishments. In the field of sports we captured first place in volleyball and basketball. In more aesthetic realms, those of drama and music, we also played our part. At Christmas time we gave the Christmas play, and in the spring we came out first in the choral contest. A job which the Junior Class annually undertakes, that of publishing the *H. B. S. Review*, was assumed by our class. Before the last edition was completed, most of us had a much clearer view of journalism than we had had previously.

Among the events which come each year are the Junior-Senior Prom and Junior Day. Both of these occasions were appreciated by us to the utmost. After feverish preparations we at last experienced the excitement of the two great days.

Our last act as Juniors was preparing for S.A.T.'s. For seven Saturday mornings we arrived at school in order to gain a more intimate acquaintance with the English language.

To the other classes of the school we wish to say that we shall attempt to carry out to the best of our ability the duties and responsibilities which belong to a senior class.



	First Semester	Second Semester
President.....	Diane Davis.....	Margaret Leisy.....
Council Member.....	Sally Merica.....	Diane Davis.....

Class of '48

AS WE, the Class of 1948, leave our sophomore year behind us, we look back on it as one of hard work, gay hilarity, and pride in our increased responsibilities. This year our class has welcomed many new girls who have helped us both by adding to our fun and by improving our athletic scores, which have mounted considerably above those of last year. Our musical ability of freshman days, however, seems to have gone to our heads, gaining us only second place in the annual choral contest. The outstanding social event of the year was the Freshman-Sophomore Prom, which crowned many weeks of preparation on the part of the committees. Junior Day, too, caused many headaches and much frenzied activity but ultimately went off smoothly, thanks to the girls who conceived, directed, and produced the skit. We are eagerly looking forward to our year of work on the *Review*, hoping that we can make it a bigger and better paper. We wish to give our sincere appreciation to Mrs. Conwell and Miss Moody, our class advisors, who have helped us come over many bumps to a smooth ending.



	First Semester	Second Semester
President.....	Margaret Forsythe.....	Ann Forsythe
Council Member.....	Julie Smith.....	Joan Miller

Class of '49

AT THE END of our freshman year we are looking back on our hectic adventures and wild ideas as veterans who have braved the dangers and pitfalls of the first year of high school. We have worked hard to make our mark among the other classes at H. B. S. At first it seemed strange not to be wearing uniforms, but soon we began to feel quite at home without them. During the year we have been through many experiences together; and at times, when we were overwhelmed with homework, we thought the end of the year would never come. Now that it has come, however, we are beginning to feel a bit sentimental about exchanging our familiar title, Freshmen, for the much coveted one, Sophomores. We remember our first frantic attempts at hockey, when we broke our hockey sticks over our classmates' heads, trying to hit the ball, and the day we triumphed over Laurel in basketball. We shall never forget the anxious weeks before Carnival nor the sleepless hours before our Freshman-Sophomore Prom, the highlight of our year. We have several girls on the scholastic honor roll, and we are very proud of them and of their achievements. Miss Sweeney and Miss Rushworth with their patience and understanding have guided us successfully to the end of the year which we leave now with regrets, for we feel it is an honor to be the Freshman Class at Hathaway Brown.



IV PREP

Augustus, Peggy
Balkwill, Susan
Bemis, Becky
Bernet, Marianne
Brown, Marilyn
Burge, Jane Anne
Cameron, Nancy
Conwell, Suzanne
Crawford, Nancy

Creighton, Cynthia
Dewey, Edith
Dunbar, Joanne
Duncan, Beverle
Duncan, Dorothy
Emeny, Faith
Engholm, Joan
Feder, Alice
Gilbert, Gretchen

Morris, Patricia
Parker, Joyce
Parks, Patricia
Prescott, Anne
Selover, Sally
Weidlein, Polly
West, Sally
Evans, Patsy Anne
Storms, Janet Lee

Graham, Jane
Harlepp, Francoise
Hobbs, Carolee
Jackson, Virginia
Kurtz, Virginia
Luckiesh, Peggy
McKnight, Sallie
McWilliams, Marianne
Marston, Constance

III PREP

Ackerman, Margaret
Balkwill, Beatrice
Bartshe, Joyce
Bauman, Susan
Bernet, Suzanne
Brown, Shirley
Buckley, Gail
Daley, Kate
Fisher, Marcella

Foy, Patricia
Fries, Carole
Gray, Virginia
Harman, Nan
Hazlett, Karen
Hutchinson, Jean
Kuhn, Jane
Kuhne, Olive
Monroe, Jane

Moon, Judith
Perry, Michael Ann
Powell, Mary Sue
Prescott, Joanne
Ralston, Jane
Rankin, Gertrude
Rodgers, Gail
Ruppel, Joyce
Schwinn, Eleanor

Shepard, Sandra
Smith, Nancy
Stokoe, Suzanne
Thompson, Jenny Ann
Tielke, Ann
Tinnerman, Jean
Tremaine, Boyd
West, Marguerite
Davis, Jane
McCafferty, Dorothy

II PREP

Alexander, Jean
Armstrong, Virginia
Bergstrom, Barbara
Biggar, Carolyn
Bolton, Betsy
Brand, Suzan

Buffington, Drucilla
Bunts, Betsey
Dudley, Dorothea
Egeberg, Sally
Haag, Suzanne
Ireland, Patsy

Johnson, Kay
Lees, Judy
Pollock, Gay
Porter, Barbara
Sawyer, Janet
Sawyer, Virginia

Steudel, Gloria
Stewart, Nancy
Stout, Carol
Wilson, Patsy
Kurtz, Clorinda
Burton, Sarita

I PREP

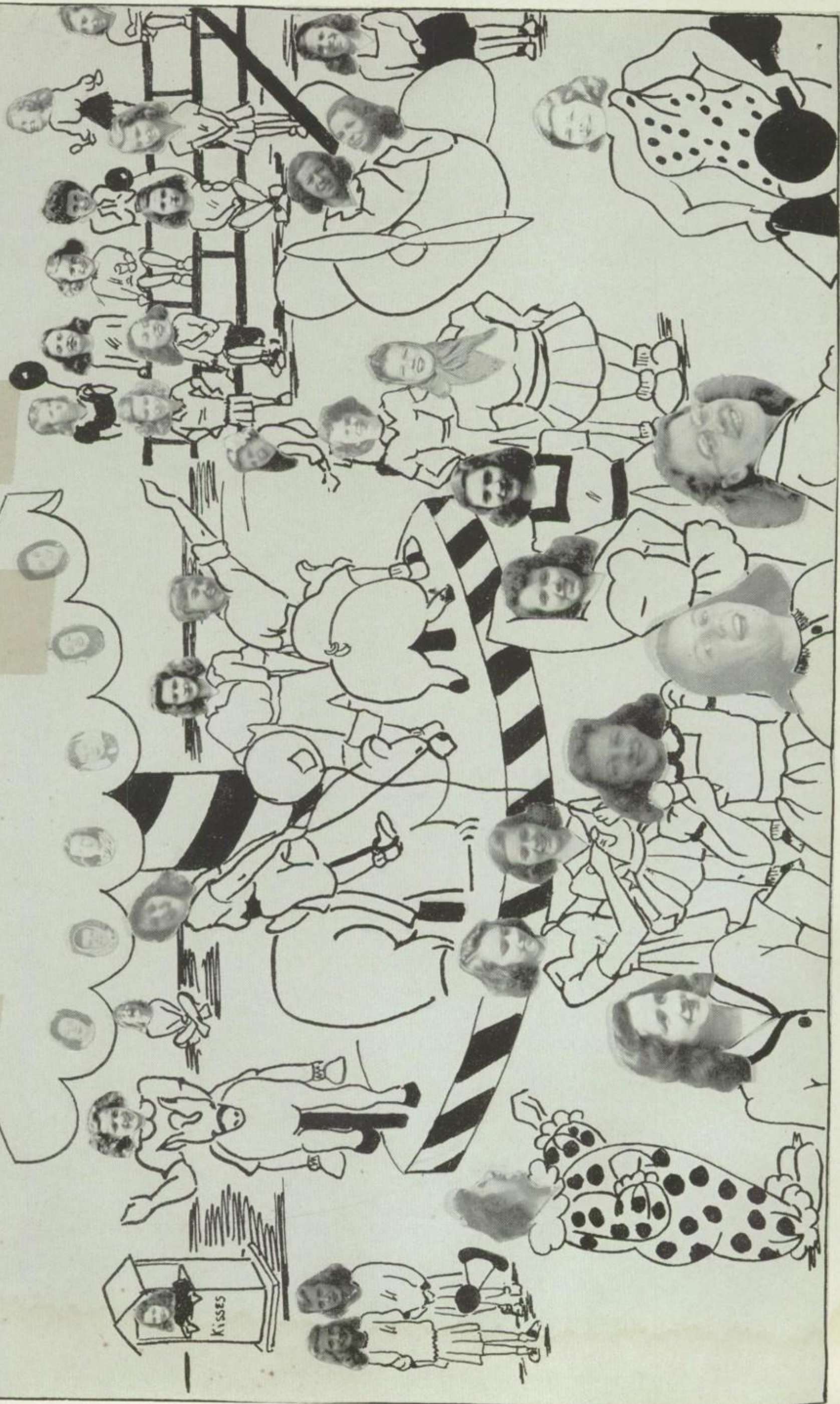
Belden, Jeanne
Berno, Barbara
Brown, Marcia
Case, Lynn
Clegg, Donna

Corning, Alison
King, Sally
Lehman, Suzanne
Medert, Barbara
Nock, Mary Jane

Ott, So Ann
Parker, Cynthia
Prescott, Mary Dana
Rigg, Alexandra
Rogers, Jane

Ryan, Gail
Sterling, Cynthia
Thomas, Ann
Wallace, Nancy
Zilm, Diane
Motch, Anne

NAME	LIKES	HAS NEVER	WILL
Betsy Augustus	pogo sticks	kept a straight face	be a model
Martha Bell	music	blushed	star in the Met
Polly Bruch	jewelry	smoked	get slim
Yvonne Cameron	smart clothes	been extinguished	outskate Sonja
Marilyn Chadwick	Jackie	exerted herself	marry a millionaire
Lois Chase	sports	missed a ball	be a Brooklyn Dodger
Charlene Christopher	good clean fun	lost her dignity	remain the same
Marilyn Cole	the Marines	lost her sparkle	be a philibusterer
Jenny Cory	horses	been caught napping	win the Kentucky Derby
Betty Ann Dangler	Ted	lacked enthusiasm	be a cheer leader
Miriam Dyer	Irium	caught a train	pay her Bills
Barbara Feder	people	been fooled	be a perfect mother
Eleanor Filak	everything	failed to respond	be a scout leader
Jane Fischer	Carrs	flirted	be a siren
Blair Forsythe	good marks	stopped talking	clean up politics
Barbara Hagar	dill pickles	taken gym	leave Crummy
Liz Hirstius	everyone	gone steady	have twelve children
Lois Kennedy	current events	raised her voice	be a Walter Winchell
Jeannette Kiefer	sun tan lotion	faded	write a history book
Margie Knight	<i>Vogue</i>	been untidy	have a model home
Sara McCrum	the South	forgotten a number	be a lawyer
Cathleen McPheron	Finny	reached five feet	be a torch singer
Barbara Malm	bow ties	changed her hair style	and how!
Claudia Marks	Bill	cut her hair	keep house
Lois Minarik	the country	hesitated	be a history teacher
Polly Parker	sun	slumped	live in Flordia
Ann Rittinger	to talk	been at a loss for words	be an orator
Catherine Robinson	to knit	lost her temper	be Spike Jones' vocalist
Raenelle Rubin	them all	stayed up all night	be a polygamist
Mary Simmons	excitement	been on a refreshment committee	own a restaurant
Charlotte Skall	Northwestern	been ruffled	never be pinned down
Joan Smith	order	lost her good humor	be a perfect secretary
Lucia Smith	?	been excited	never make up her mind
Leslie Stotter	children	missed a joke	be a kindergarten teacher
Mary Jo Swanston	art	mentioned Hudson	do a Rembrandt
Laura Swegler	quiet	been in a panic	be a subtle humorist
Joan Thompson	Dave	had chills	be the first
Marilyn Titus	to eat	procrastinated	write an encyclopedia
Flornie Troxel	honey	wrestled	always stay young
Iris Walker	domestic science	said an unkind word	blossom
Joan Zell	Frankie	played a normal person	be up in lights







Senior Superlatives

Most	capable—Malm, Titus, Joan Smith
Most	artistic—Swanston, Christopher, Swegler
Most	undecided—Lucia Smith
Most	vivacious—Troxel, Forsythe, Rittinger
Most	adaptable—Forsythe, Dyer, Joan Smith
Most	athletic—Chase, Christopher, Dangler
Most	naive—Rittinger, Filak, Cory
Most	flirtatious—Fischer, Simmons, Troxel
Most	likely to marry first—McPheron, Thompson
Most	scintillating—Forsythe, Cole, Thompson
Most	versatile—Lucia Smith, Malm, Troxel
Most	meticulous—Knight, Cole
Most	sophisticated—Augustus, Chadwick, Bruch
Most	likely to succeed—Malm, Thompson, Titus
Most	humorous—Titus, Cory, Parker

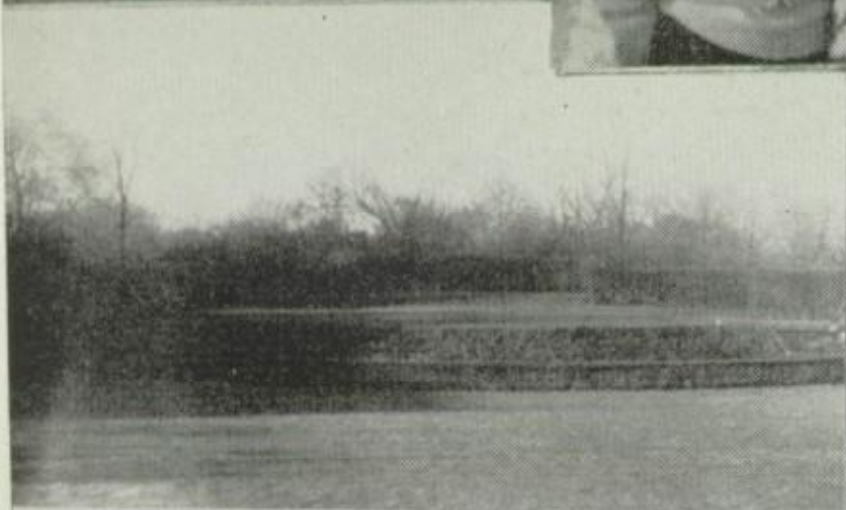




Senior Hit Parade

BETSY AUGUSTUS—*I Can't Give You Anything But Love*
MARTHA BELL—*My Ideal*
POLLY BRUCH—*I Surrender, Dear*
YVONNE CAMERON—*Lady in Red*
MARILYN CHADWICK—*Sophisticated Lady*
LOIS CHASE—*Take Me Out to the Ball Game*
CHARLENE CHRISTOPHER—*It Ain't Necessarily So*
MARILYN COLE—*Embraceable You*
JENNY CORY—*Sleepy Time Gal*
BETTY ANN DANGLER—*Racing With The Moon*
MIRIAM DYER—*Bill*
BARBARA FEDER—*Smilin' Through*
ELEANOR FILAK—*Going My Way?*
JANE FISCHER—*What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?*
BLAIR FORSYTHE—*Not So Quiet, Please*
BARBARA HAGAR—*Cabin in The Sky*
LIZ HIRSTIUS—*My Man*
LOIS KENNEDY—*Speak Low*
JEANNETTE KIEFER—*Summertime*
MARGIE KNIGHT—*I Want a Zoot Suit*
SARA MCCRUM—*Swanee*
CATHLEEN MCPHERON—*Night and Day*
BARBARA MALM—*A Stairway to The Stars*
CLAUDIA MARKS—*Take The "A" Train*
LOIS MINARIK—*Give Me The Simple Life*
POLLY PARKER—*Sunny*
ANN RITTINGER—*Personality*
CATHERINE ROBINSON—*Strange Music*
RAENELLE RUBIN—*I Didn't Sleep a Wink Last Night*
MARY SIMMONS—*One Meat Ball*
CHARLOTTE SKALL—*Dark Eyes*
JOAN SMITH—*Practice Makes Perfect*
LUCIA SMITH—*You've Two-Timed Me One Time Too Often*
LESLIE STOTTER—*Baby Mine*
MARY JO SWANSTON—*Artistry in Rhythm*
LAURA SWEGLER—*Sleepy Lagoon*
JOAN THOMPSON—*Put That Ring On My Finger*
MARILYN TITUS—*I Could Write a Book*
FLORENCE TROXEL—*I'm In Love With You, Honey*
IRIS WALKER—*Deep Purple*
JOAN ZELL—*Give My Regards To Broadway*

Cadmean Keys Cheap Men Attached See Bruch, Fischer, Thompson, Troxel	Kutie Kiefer Kosmetic Ko. — A torrid tan for Your pale faced pan	Join the Fischer School of Diplomacy! Now!
Skis for Sale — Cole and Dyer	Tired? Unable to Sleep through English? — Come to Cory's Rest Home and Sleep, Sleep, Sleep!	Crushed Ice — Ann Rittinger
Have your mind read Only requirement a mind Blair Forsythe	Do you forget your dates? Do not fail history! Do not be a social flop! Come to McCrum's School of Memorizing	Simmons's Spaghetti Shop Where the deals meet for meals
Reduce the Easy Bruch Way Get Slim Fast!	Run Down? Tired? Try Dangler's Dynamite Drops or Blayer Aspirin (contains uranium)	Kat's Kiddie Korner for Tottering Tots
Need a New Paint Job? — Swanston's Super Smear Co.		Chic Chapeaux Dreamy Dresses Glamorous Gowns — The Knight and Day Shoppe





Last Will and Testament

We, the Class of '46, being of Einstein's mind and Betty Grable's body, do hereby bequeath to our heirs (who will tear their hairs) these fond possessions which we have cherished (?).

We leave:

The F. B. I. making a nation-wide search for our stray dictionaries
Truman's weighty problems unsolved by the American history class
Jenny sleeping peacefully through English—may she rest in peace!
Lucia's problems to Mr. Anthony
A short, unidentified boy to Pat Martin (courtesy of Betsy)
Chally Carr and Carolyn Biggar setting up a mail service for their
male brothers
Miss Bruce prostrate over a surprise ending
Barbara and Marilyn chuggalugging Pepsi Cola
Tink to Finny
Joan and Raenelle to some lucky talent scout
Joanie and Dave synthesizing diamonds in the chemistry lab
Lois' gym bloomers to Bea
Blair's tall tales to Nan—just try to improve on them!
Jane trying to get a ride home
Flornie trying to find Tiffin on the map
A life-time membership in the Gulp and Gobble Club and a generous
supply of Bromo-Seltzer to next year's seniors when they go out
to lunch
Fifty Latin and French ponies to the library
Our dictaphone record of faculty meeting proceedings (that's a joke,
son!)
Cats lost in one of her genuine hand knit sweaters
Jim Biggar's car, as a landmark in the driveway (get away from that
window, Lucia)
The community comb to its proud possessor
Crummy memorizing the phone book
A pickled platypus to Miss Reeve
A senior room, complete with easy chairs and radios in the phone
booth
A Joanie Day to Miss Jermyn

Submitted respectfully, but regretfully and fretfully, by forty-one
fascinating females.

Witnessed by:

Archie Opterix
Terry Dactyl

Class of 1946

Augustus, Elizabeth	Cobble Court, Waite Hill, Willoughby, Ohio
Bell, Martha	69 College St., Hudson, Ohio
Bruch, Polly	Markell Road, Mentor, Ohio
Cameron, Yvonne	14706 Larchmere Blvd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio
Chadwick, Marilyn	Hudson, Ohio
Chase, Lois	Reynolds Road, Mentor, Ohio
Christopher, Charlene	Jackson Road No. 4, Chagrin Falls, Ohio
Cole, Marilyn	1081 Maplecliffe Drive, Lakewood 7, Ohio
Cory, Jenny	21111 Sydenham Rd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
Dangler, Betty Ann	2942 Fontenay Rd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio
Dyer, Miriam	1077 Wilbert Rd., Lakewood 7, Ohio
Feder, Barbara	2500 Arlington Rd., Cleveland Heights 18, Ohio
Filak, Eleanor	1051 Wilbert Rd., Lakewood 7, Ohio
Fischer, Jane	3379 Ingleside Rd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
Forsythe, Blair	5130 Countryside Lane, South Euclid, Ohio
Hagar, Barbara	835 Forest Ave., Zanesville, Ohio
Hirstius, Elizabeth	3315 Elsmere Rd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio
Kennedy, Lois	Woodleigh Rd., Chagrin Falls, Ohio
Kiefer, Jeannette	3341 Dorchester Rd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio
Knight, Margie	22699 Calverton Rd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
McCrum, Sara	828 Chestnut Rd., Charleston, West Virginia
McPheron, Cathleen	334 S. Jameson St., Lima, Ohio
Malm, Barbara	17468 Shelburne Rd., Shaker Heights 18, Ohio
Marks, Claudia	501 Woodhill Rd., Mansfield, Ohio
Minarik, Lois	282 Elmwood Rd., Rocky River 16, Ohio
Parker, Polly	2261 Delamere Rd., Cleveland Heights 6, Ohio
Rittinger, Ann	2688 St. James Pkwy., Cleveland Heights 6, Ohio
Robinson, Catherine	906 Robbins Ave., Niles, Ohio
Rubin, Raenelle	19500 South Woodland Rd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
Simmons, Mary Frances	2425 North Park Blvd., Cleveland Heights 6, Ohio
Skall, Charlotte	2621 Fairmount Blvd., Cleveland Heights 6, Ohio
Smith, Joan	2948 Torrington Rd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
Smith, Lucia	22099 Shaker Blvd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
Stotter, Leslie	2164 Demington Drive, Cleveland Heights 6, Ohio
Swanston, Mary Jo	10 Sands Lane, Lindenhurst, Long Island, New York
Swegler, Laura	2855 Drummong Rd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio
Thompson, Joan	2867 Torrington Rd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
Titus, Marilyn	Chesterland, Ohio
Troxel, Florence	400 Melmore St., Tiffin, Ohio
Walker, Iris	2361 Fenwood Rd., University Heights, Ohio
Zell, Joan	3244 Chadbourne Rd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio

Faculty

Allen, Marie	10708 Deering Ave., Cleveland 6, Ohio
Anderson, Mabelle	9719 Logan Court, Cleveland 6, Ohio
Aul, Mrs. Romaine	Dormitory
Baird, Mrs. James	2436 Traymore Rd., University Heights 18, Ohio
Blake, Anna H.	3363 Warrensville Center Rd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
Booth, Ellen	3099 Chadbourne Rd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio
Bourne, Mrs. Jane	2730 Shelley Rd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
Bruce, Ada	12931 Shaker Blvd., Cleveland 20, Ohio
✓Carl, Mrs. Frank	2974 Berkshire Rd., Cleveland Heights 18, Ohio
✓Cleveland, Anita M.	3021 Scarborough Rd., Cleveland Heights 18, Ohio
✓Coburn, Anne Cutter	The Alcazar, Cleveland Heights 6, Ohio
Conwell, Mrs. Stanton A.	14111 South Woodland Rd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio
✓Corrigan, Betty	3234 Chadbourne Rd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio
Crafts, Virginia	Dormitory
Degnan, Mrs. Joseph	3660 Lynnfield Rd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
Denny, Ruth	1914 East 101st St., Cleveland 6, Ohio
Foster, Alma	18200 South Woodland Rd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
Fuller, Pat	14501 Drexmore Rd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio
Gilchrist, Helen	1914 East 101st St., Cleveland 6, Ohio
Glover, Dr. Leona	2507 Guilford Rd., Cleveland Heights 18, Ohio
Hirstius, Mrs. Mary	3315 Elsemere Rd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio
Howell, Mrs. Alfred	3718 Strandhill Rd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
Jensen, Jenny	2592 Berkshire Rd., Cleveland Heights 18, Ohio
✓Jermyn, Arlene	13710 Shaker Blvd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio
Johnston, Mrs. James	4217 Silsby Rd., University Heights 18, Ohio
Kader, Mrs. Joseph	17611 Throckley Rd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
Kylin, Helen L.	2680 Scarborough Rd., Cleveland Heights 18, Ohio
Lafore, Ann	Dormitory
Lafore, Mrs. Jules	Dormitory
Leonard, Mrs. Emma	2030 East 115th St., Cleveland 6, Ohio
Lloyd, Mrs. William A.	2523 N. Moreland Blvd., Shaker Heights 20, Ohio
McDougle, Ann	2826 East 130th St., Cleveland 20, Ohio
Metzger, Mrs. H. W.	S.O.M. Center Rd., Gates Mills, Ohio
Miller, Mrs. Charles	10610 Kinsman Rd., Cleveland 4, Ohio
Miller, Mary	2928 East 132nd St., Cleveland 20, Ohio
Moody, Eunice	2560 East 128th St., Cleveland 20, Ohio
Nixon, Jessica	2928 East 132nd St., Cleveland 20, Ohio
Oldham, Mrs. Vern	2770 East Blvd., Apt. 31, Cleveland 4, Ohio
Oviatt, Grace	2237 S. Overlook Rd., Cleveland Heights 6, Ohio
Owen, Mrs. Lewis	2876 Fairmount Blvd., Cleveland Heights 18, Ohio
Peterson, A. Viola	3384 Berkley Rd., Cleveland Heights 18, Ohio
Reeve, Mildred	Reeve Rd., Willoughby, Ohio
Rushworth, Audrey	Dormitory
✓Salmon, Mrs. Smith	1575 East 108th St., Cleveland 6, Ohio
Shenk, Barbara	2914 Manchester Rd., Shaker Heights 22, Ohio
Simmons, Mrs. A. D.	2425 North Park Blvd., Cleveland Heights 6, Ohio
Sweeney, Catherine	Dormitory
Thompson, Sally	2019 East 115th St., Cleveland 6, Ohio
VanHouten, Charlotte	2826 East 130th St., Cleveland 20, Ohio
✓Wheeler, Nina	1862 East 101st St., Cleveland 6, Ohio
Wilkin, Kathryn	2425 North Park Blvd., Cleveland Heights 6, Ohio
✓Young, Mrs. Emil	3628 Cummings Rd., Cleveland Heights 18, Ohio

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First Vice President

Mrs. Maxwell Norcross(Margaret Sterling, 1922)

Second Vice President

Mrs. Baird Johnson(Shirley Harrison, 1924)

Secretary

Mrs. I. F. Weidlein(Eleanor Bartol, 1919)

Treasurer

Mrs. John Kling(Marion Warrington, 1919)

Council Members 1945-1947

Betty Vilas (1938)

Mrs. William D. Cameron(Laura Johnson, 1938)

Mrs. Brooks Jones(Anne Kinder, 1940)

Mrs. George Curtis(Mary Louise Brown, 1926)

Mrs. Raymond Barker(Margaret Sprowl, 1923)

Mrs. Baird Johnson(Shirley Harrison, 1924)

Mrs. Herbert Ladds(Grace McBain, 1913)

Mrs. William Feather, Jr.(Sally Heedy, 1935)

Mrs. William Daley(Dorothy Robinson, 1932)

Mrs. Horace Allen(Eleanor Malone, 1904)

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Clara Tracy

Dorothy Francis

Doris Humphrey

Kate Baker

Mrs. Wendell Herrick(Betty Fackler)

Jane Griswold Holmes

Mrs. A. W. Loehr(Margaret Robinson)

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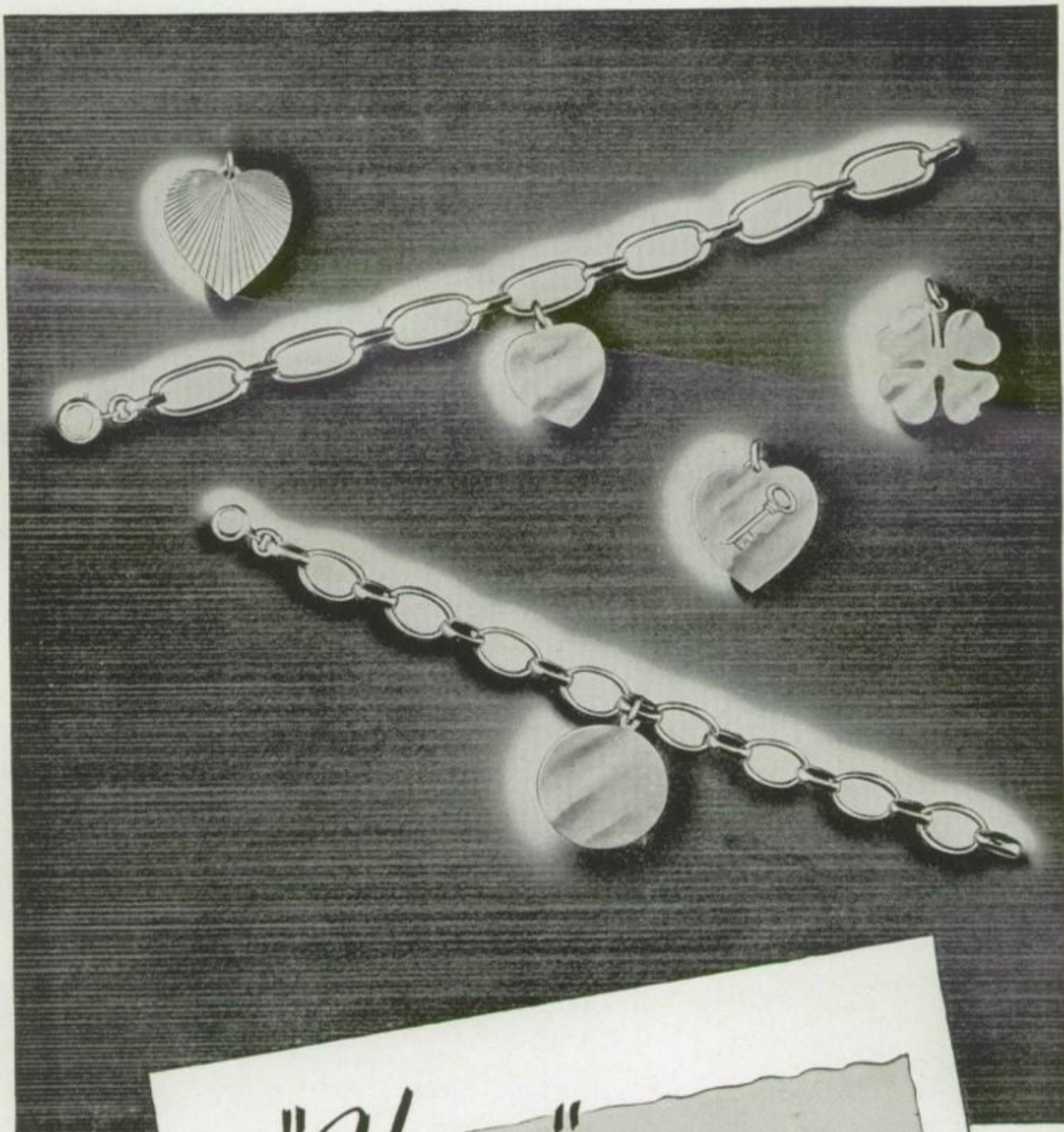
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